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You get amazing economy — on purchase price, maintenance and operating costs — up to 40 miles per gallon of gasoline.

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Because of Austin's advanced engineering techniques and unparalleled British craftsmanship, these fine, roomy Austins give sparkling performance under all driving conditions.

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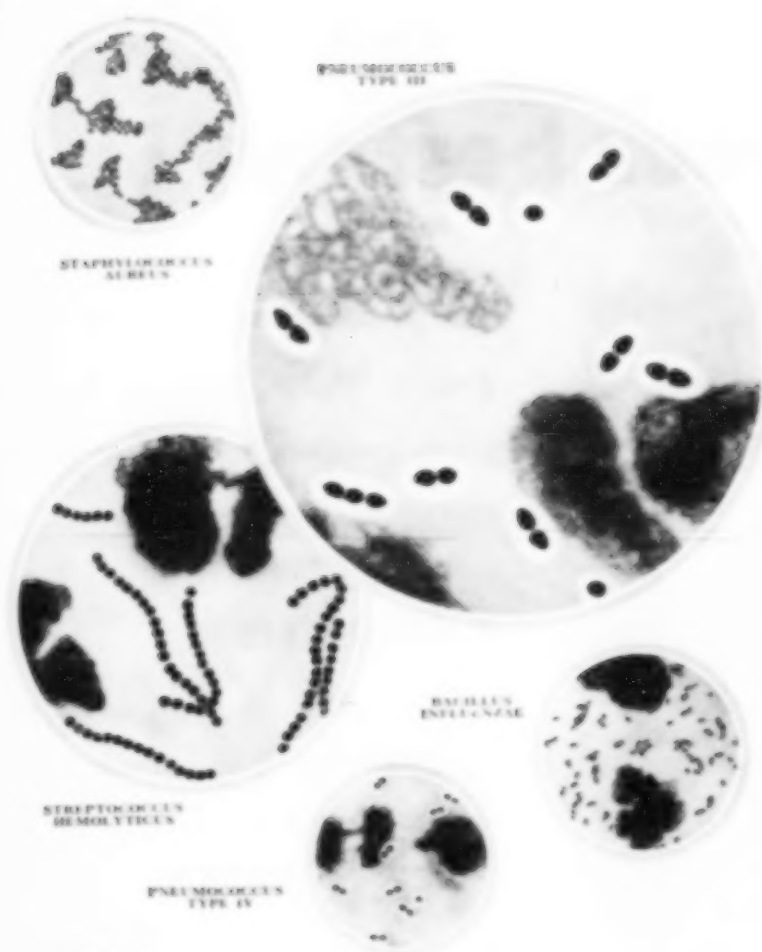
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Catching Cold?

ATTACK THESE GERMS BEFORE THEY ATTACK YOU

Quick germ-killing action can often head off trouble or lessen its severity.

Medical men tell us that while some kind of a virus may frequently start a cold, the so-called "Secondary Invaders" are among the germs that so often complicate it, and are responsible for many of its most distressing symptoms.

When you're under par, over-tired, or when body resistance is lowered by drafts, wet or cold feet, or sudden changes in temperature, these germs can stage a mass invasion of the tissues. You're headed for trouble!

Then is the time to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic to guard against such a mass invasion . . . to help ward off the infection, or lessen its severity.

Germs Killed on Throat Surfaces

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat and mouth surfaces to kill millions of these germs. Actual tests have shown reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine-Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

This marked germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain Listerine Antiseptic's impressive test record in fighting colds.

Fewer Colds In Tests

Tests made over a period of twelve years showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle. Moreover, when Listerine Antiseptic users did have colds, they were usually milder and of shorter duration.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, this germ-killing action is a wise precaution which warrants your serious consideration. But don't forget . . . gargle early and often!

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Toronto, Ontario

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Gargle
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ANTISEPTIC



P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Mouth-Wash Prescription for your Teeth?
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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

WE ARE urging, in all seriousness, that mothers of small children remove this page before placing the magazine in the hands of the little ones. For in the next column we have printed the passport photograph of our first-home editor, Mr. Pierre Berton. How they let him into South America we'll never know.

Mr. Berton assures us, with some awe, that this is indeed a photo of himself. We reproduce it here, not for its shock value, but as concrete proof of the sort of thing our men will go through in the interests of aggressive journalism.

Mr. Berton has gone through a lot in the past 12 months (including enough expense money to keep three bank presidents at Miami for the winter, but that is another story). Last April, for example, he marched a capsule of Second as part of his research on a story on sleeping pills. In August he tossed off a Zombie, a Coronga and a Scarlet O'Hara as part of his research on Ontario cocktail bars. In between he has managed to cover 22,000 miles between Fairbanks, Alaska, and Montevideo, Uruguay, in his restless hunt for news.

●An account of Mr. Berton's latest adventure—a 12,000-mile flight to Uruguay and back again as nursemaid to 24 cattle—appears on page 13. We keep telling ourselves that the Grassick illustration which accompanies it is probably far better than Mr. Berton could have done with that camera we bought for him.

We prefer to skip lightly over the business of the camera, but briefly the facts are these: Berton left here with our camera and light meter, half a dozen rolls of film and an English-Spanish dictionary. He returned, two weeks later, with a bad sunburn, a tin of Chilean crab meat and a tendency to pepper his conversation with the word "manana." Of the camera there was not the slightest trace.

Berton's excuse, supported flimsily with half a dozen sworn affidavits, might have won one of our fiction awards if he had turned it in a little earlier, involving as it did the disappearance of his entire value and belongings during a taxi ride in the dead of night between a place called Teterboro, N.J., and Manhattan.

We are tempted to forgive Mr. Berton for all this because he really does appear to have gone through a good deal on his South American tour. "I am," he re-

ports, "probably the only man who has had to go through two Christmas shopping rushes in one winter." It seems that in Uruguay the big Yuletide gift exchanging goes on on Twelfth Night, or King's Day as it's known down there. The myth is that the Three Wise Men pass through the land on this night depositing myrrh, frankincense and Mickey Mouse toys in the shoes that the children leave on window sills.

Says Berton: "I was walking down the densely packed main street in Montevideo late Jan. 5 when I sensed that there was something familiar about the angry mob about me. The lines of desperation in the faces of the women as they bludgeoned us male weaklings aside reminded me peculiarly of similar scenes in Eaton's Downtown on Dec. 24. Suddenly I realized that these people were doing their last-minute Christmas shopping."



The Picture of Dorian Gray
(played by Pierre Berton)

Mr. Berton returned on the empty cattle plane as far as Miami, then thumbed a lift on another transport which was taking 9,000 pounds of gladioli from Palm Beach to New York. He spent the seven hours of this leg of the journey entirely surrounded by sweet-smelling florists' cartons. That's our man Berton—he goes off in a plane-load of cattle manure and comes out smelling like a bunch of flowers.

●Bruce Hutchison's article, "The Big Lie" (page 12), is a condensed version of a recent speech to the Winnipeg St. Andrew's Society. The speech attracted so much comment (Mr. H. spent one hour attacking Communism only to find himself attacked as a Communist by one irate letter writer) that we thought it too good to pass up.

The Editors



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Body 5 inches wider.
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any driver's needs!



SMOOTHER!

Big, free-acting coil springs
on each front wheel. Entirely
independent. Smooth out
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... *outstandingly modern* *in styling, too!*



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Heavy gauge steel body
and chassis welded into
ONE integral structure for
maximum protection.

For flawless streamlining... tailored distinction... and
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is the most advanced car in its class!

You'll thrill to the superlative performance of this smoother, roomier and safer car—its
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This new, modern-as-tomorrow HILLMAN is built with
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driving conditions—and bears a name of proved
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famous for performance and
big fuel savings. Syno-chromatic
finger-flick gearshift, with extra
low gear for deep snow and mud.
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brakes for positive stops.
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window for 30% greater
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"WELL," you say, "it depends on the kitchen."

Right! The more modern the kitchen, the more aluminum you will see.

For aluminum is the *modern* metal. It has so many advantages. It is light, strong, good-looking, will not rust. No wonder more and more people want more and more things made of it.

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are shaping aluminum into products as big as railway cars, as small as hair curlers.

All this means a lot of work for Canadians. There are 15,000 people on the Alcan payroll. Then, too, there are all the fifty-odd thousand people who make the thousand-and-one aluminum articles which you see in the stores.

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Aluminum never rusts



Easier to use



Needs no paint



Always looks smart



Heats quickly, evenly



Strong and light



Maybe this is part of the house you didn't get — nails, lumber and the time of 44 tradesmen going into a girlie show at the Toronto Ex.

Houses, Houses, Where Are the Houses?

By BLAIR FRASER

MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

IN THE greatest Canadian building boom of all time the housing shortage has been getting worse instead of better.

Across Canada, 10,000 families are still in "emergency shelter" — abandoned army huts, empty public buildings, a few old houses chopped into little apartments. Some are comfortable enough but most are ugly, crowded, barracklike quarters, and some are squalid slums.

"It's not exactly convenient," a young veteran said of the army hut where he and his family lived. "We have no bathroom or sink of our own; we have to carry all our water. But we'd been in two rooms with no doors, and another family across the hall in rooms just like them. We hung blankets across the doorways, that's all the privacy we had."

A year or so ago the Government's Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation finished 417 apartments in Ottawa for rental to veterans. They got 3,500 applications. Of these, 1,200 applicants were living under intolerable conditions — families of three, four and five crammed into single rooms or shivering through the winter in summer cottages.

Eight hundred of them are still in this kind of shelter.

Last December an Ottawa family moved into a new house and advertised the old one for rent. They got 65 phone calls between 7 and 11 that evening, and the telephone started ringing again at 7 next morning. Other applicants traced the address from the phone number given in the advertisement and arrived by taxi to plead in person.

Their stories were grim. One young mother was trying to raise her baby in an attic. A family of three was billeted in three different rooming houses.

At least a million Canadians are living under some kind of housing pressure today, and the pressure has been increasing, not diminishing. More people are "doubled up," sharing homes

with other families, than ever before. In 1939 Canada had 200,000 more families than homes. Now the figure is 400,000, and still growing.

True, we've done a lot of building — half a million homes in nine years. Last year 83,000 were completed, 50% more than the peak year before the war. But 110,000 couples got married and 30,000 people came in as immigrants. Take away 30,000 families broken up by death or divorce, and you still have 25,000 more new families than you have new homes.

That's been going on ever since war broke out. The building rate has been high, but the marriage rate has been higher. Each year brought a new deficit in houses.

What are we going to do about it?

I've put that question to men in all phases of the business — builders large. *Continued on page 52*

**The more homes we build, the greater the shortage. How come?
Here's the answer, and a hint of better times — a year away**

"MRS. MAJESTY"

A tomboy turned imperious old lady, Queen Mary still ticks off her sons and draws bags of fan mail from a loving people

By JOHN COTTON

THE IMPERIOUS old lady was clearly getting annoyed as she sat there in the Abbey. In a few minutes now her granddaughter, Princess Elizabeth, would arrive to be married to Philip Mountbatten. Rich and deep rolled the music. Vast chandeliers caught at large and small orders and decorations and made them leap and sparkle. Everywhere she looked there were eyes, thousands of them, all filled with kindly and frank appraisal. She knew this. She knew there was no one of these persons whose heart did not warm toward her and who did not take pride in seeing her, at more than 80 years, ready still to play her part in the long pageant of English royal history.

Yet something was wrong.

She said suddenly to the burly middle-aged man next her, "Gloucester! Sit still and for heaven's sake stop fidgeting." To emphasize the point she rapped her long-handled parasol twice upon the carpeted stone floor.

No sign of irritation at the rebuke passed across the heavy features of the Duke of Gloucester. He had been fidgeting. His uniform was heavy and tight and the light gilt chair on which he sat was indisputably uncomfortable and almost perilously frail. In similar circumstances any man might have shifted uneasily. But not when "Mama" was on

The Princess of Wales was a beauty, but marriage to a future king had already banished the tomboy.



"H'm," said Great Grandma when she saw Prince Charlie. "No doubt about him being a Windsor."



hand; that had been a mistake. Martinet, disciplinarian—call her that if you please; but hers were the orders to be obeyed at all times and with good grace. So he stopped fidgeting, murmured an apology and hoped that the chair would not collapse before the long wait was ended and the ceremony safely completed.

Not always had Victoria Mary Augusta Louisa Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes, Princess May that was, Queen Mary that was, and Queen Mother that is—not always had she been so strict with others or with herself. In the far-off days when she lived, the only daughter, with her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and three brothers in the White Lodge, Richmond Park, she wasn't above playing a game of cricket as much distinguished for its energy as for lack of skill. They dubbed her a tomboy, thought she traded on her sex and good looks, but liked her because she didn't tell tales out of school. Of her life up to her 16th year she herself says, "I was very naughty, very happy and very uninteresting."

Look at the Queen Mother now and what do you see? A tall, still vigorous woman with a carriage that I have not seen bettered; dignity, poise, a sureness of movement. All this is but superficial evidence of that iron discipline, utter self-control and evident self-dedication to a high and unbelievably difficult task which sprang from her marriage to the late King George V, a remarkable man who for years ran his family like a 19th-century ship's crew and mellowed only when the grey had flecked his brown beard and hair. The Queen Mother has mellowed, too, and there is humor ready to shine from clear blue eyes—but also quick temper and the sort of look which says "You'd be well-advised not to mislead me because the odds are I know the answers and will crack down on you with a thump that will teach you wisdom."

The sorrow of woman is apparent there too. Can one withhold one's hand in marriage from many men, wait for and find the right one, then see him die almost upon the hour and have no memories? Can one lose a husband after 43 years and the loss leave no trace? Can one see an eldest and adored son, the one with all the talents and the looks, ascend the throne of England and then renounce his birthright for the love of a twice-divorced foreigner, and not grieve? Can one lose two sons by death (Prince John 1919, Prince George 1942) and remain indifferent? The answer needs no emphasis.

As Queen, Mary hid her sympathies with feminist movement, but she independently went off to see Western Front for herself in Great War.



In that face, too, there is self-sacrifice (a look that comes from within) and self-discipline. This woman has done much good—that one also sees and senses. And she sees that others about her do their share whether they like it or not. In World War II she went, against her inclinations, from bombed London to the Duke of Beaufort's estate at Badminton, Gloucestershire. That sleepy corner of England soon knew she was around and so did those who came to visit her. From the Canadian Red Cross she obtained a knitting machine which churned out a steady stream of socks for the fighting men. A trivial thing? Ask any footslogger. But not all those socks were made by Queen Mary; she saw to it that her visitors and her ladies in waiting did their fair share.

Dresses Go Back for Repairs

THE usually ornate and always of another age dresses she wears are widely admired. But a story goes with them, since they all are very old friends indeed of the Albermarle Street, W., dressmaker who has served her for years; she has seen them come back many, many times for renewal and repair. Says the dressmaker, slyly, "It is no bad thing for my girls to see what real economy is as practiced by the Queen Mother; sets a first-class example."

One ermine coat became a byword among her children: "Mama is wearing The Ermine." It shook them considerably when the old lady had the thing redyed and thus gave it a new and unforeseen lease of life.

Her toque is probably the best-known hat in the world. She never wears any other style and does not propose to do so. She claims—and who is going to say she is not right?—that it is the only sort of hat which really suits her. Any further reason? Possibly. No one is likely to mistake her for other than what she is, anyhow. (A parallel might be Winston's cigar.) Inevitably she uses a parasol or umbrella—a long (39-inch) and somewhat formidable weapon which sometimes has, in her hands, uses which hardly come within the category of "decorative." A smart jab with one has been known to bring many a



When Mary was Duchess of York she posed with her king-to-be and her imposing grandmother-in-law, Victoria.

wandering mind back to a proper appreciation of the current situation.

When you get to 80 and past it is generally supposed by your nearest and dearest that cinemas, theatres and the like are things of the past. This is a plain untruth in respect of the Queen Mother, though she will be 82 this May. Clocks may safely be set by her breakfast hour, 8.30 a.m. An hour (exactly) later, when the morning traffic is really starting to swirl past Marlborough House, her St. James's home, in

Continued on page 44

Duke of York was Queen Mary's second baby boy and second destined to be King (as George VI). Father George V bossed family like a sea captain.



By DAVIS GRUBB

IT WAS their idea. Grandpa never asked them for the thing. Aunt Tess and Ma used to both get onto his neck about it and say that it was a downright disgrace—him going around deaf as a stone even if he was ninety-four years old. Aunt Tess used to say she thought it was a sin—him going to church when he couldn't hear a word that Reverend Cox was saying. And Ma said they all had to yell so loud to make Grandpa hear anything that the neighbors thought we was fighting all the time.

I reckon that's the only good I ever did get out of school—learning how to write. If it hadn't been for that, Grandpa and me never could have had none of them good old talks we used to have together. Whenever I wanted to ask Grandpa for a story or a nickel or maybe just tell him my troubles I'd just fetch a scribbler. And Grandpa would fetch out his eyeglasses and read what I'd wrote and everything was easy as pie. Aunt Tess

tried it once but it didn't git her nowhere. She bought her a pencil and pad and whenever she wanted to bawl Grandpa out or ask him to go to the store she'd write it on the pad and give it to him. But it just never seemed like Grandpa could get the hang of Aunt Tess' handwriting somehow. And after a while she give it up and went back to screaming at him.

"How come," I wrote on my scribbler one day, "you couldn't never read Aunt Tess' writin' as good as you can mine?"

"Well, sir," says Grandpa, spitting about a half-pint of tobacco juice over the porch railing and scronching down deeper in his saggy old rocking chair, "that there is one thing I never could rightly understand, boy! I can see what's wrote on that there scribbler just as plain as the hand before my face. But when your Aunt Tess used to come prancin' out the kitchen door and hand me one of them there fancy little notes of hers saying I was gittin' spit all over the porch railin'—it just naturally seemed like luck was agin' me. Either I couldn't remember where in tarnation I'd left my specs or else your Aunt Tess had wrote it down so fancy and small I just plumb couldn't make it out."

I wrote down another question for Grandpa.

"How does it sound," I wrote, "bein' deaf? Is it quiet?"

"Well, now, it's quiet enough," Grandpa said directly, "for a man to git some peace and quiet in the afternoons. Folks tell me what I'm missin'—bearin' the songbirds and the piano and listenin' to Fanny Brubaker's sweet voice in the church choir. But, boy, a feller my age can git along without mushy truck like that! This afternoon now—when you go off on your paper route and leave your old Grandpa here on the back porch by himself—I'll just set back in my rocker and if your Aunt Tess ain't lookin' I'll just kind of ease my shoes off and shut my eyes and listen—"

I started writing new words. Writing come slow and hard for me in them days and I'll grant it wasn't the prettiest kind of script, but Grandpa never seemed to mind.

"Listen to what," I wrote and settled back to pick at a splinter in my big toe while Grandpa took the scribbler in his gnarled old hands and studied the scrawly words.

"Why to the sound," he says. "The sound of yesterday. I'll tell you plain, boy—judgin' from what a feller reads in the paper these days—it beats the noises that come out of this time of delusion and tribulation!"

THE SOUND OF YESTERDAY

She had me by the ear, a-screamin' to beat the Dutch.



I took my scribbler back and I wrote: "What does yesterday sound like?"

"Well, now, lots of things," Grandpa says directly. "That fool Doc Wright would say it was the blood pressures a-rearin' in my head but it ain't no such a thing!"

He poked his head around the kitchen window to see if Aunt Tess or Ma were able to hear. Then he took a fresh chew out of his poke of Green Eagle and stuffed it in his cheek.

"Sometimes," says Grandpa, "it's my first roundup an' them cattle blowin' an' bellerin'! Maybe it's the sound of a anvil on a frosty day—or a meadow lark's song, boy. Sometimes when I git to listenin' real good and your Aunt Tess don't come pokin' an' pickin' 'round I kin hear the bumpin' of Injun drums on a still fall night."

Whenever Grandpa would get to talking like that I'd press my hands close over my ears so's I couldn't hear Mister Church cutting his grass next door or Dink Snyder's big sister practicing her scales and I'd listen as hard as I could—trying to catch the sound of yesterday. At nights, sometimes, I just used to pray something awful that I could be deaf like Grandpa was. Ma heard me say that at supper one night and fetched me a good lick on the head for it, but I still prayed. Once or twice I thought I'd really got it but then it would all sort of slide away and I'd know all I was hearing was the big clock striking midnight down at the courthouse. One night before I went to bed I stuffed both ears with bubble gum and laid there in the dark with my eyes squeezed shut and my head pressed down in the pillow and I'll swear there for a minute I thought I heard the sound of yesterday.

I'd been listening so hard I hadn't heard Ma come in the bedroom for some clean sheets from the clothes press and since I had my eyes shut I didn't see her turn the light on and the first thing I knowed she was around those parts was when she had me by the ear and was staring at my ears and screaming for Pa to send for Doc Wright. Poor Pa was running around looking for his long underwear and Aunt Tess was hollering and Ma was screaming so loud that even with my ears stopped up it made my head ring.

Grandpa was the only one of the family that got a good sleep that night. Lucky Grandpa—deaf and with an attic room to boot! When Ma found out it was bubble gum in my ears she was so mad she made me give Pa all my paper-route money for three weeks. I was just naturally so beat down there for the first day or so that I was planning to give up everything and run away.

But when you're ten years old and owe near a two-dollar licorice bill at Old Man Beam's Drug-store things ain't that simple. Still, if it hadn't been for Grandpa I reckon I'd have done it.

He called me out on the back porch one night after supper and slipped me fifteen cents he'd saved up. I run down to Beam's and got me an ice-cream soda and five licorice strips and then I fetched my scribbler and went out to sit with Grandpa till it got dark. I used to let on that licorice was chewing tobacco and I'd sit there on a grocery box beside Grandpa's rocking chair and him and me would practice spitting over the porch railing. I'd just let go a good five-footer when I heard Ma in the kitchen.

"Pa!" hollers Ma, flying out the screen door and standing there with her hands on her hips. I swallowed my licorice so fast I didn't get no good out of it but I might just as well have saved myself

the trouble. Ma seen it on my face and she seen the spit on the porch railing.

"Pa!" she yells. "You been givin' that youngster money again!"

"Which?" hollers Grandpa, leaning forward and scowling. "Speak up, Alberta! I can't hear a word you're sayin'!"

"I SAY HAVE YOU BEEN GIVIN' THAT BOY MONEY FOR CANDY AGAIN!" hollers Ma.

"No!" yells Grandpa, shaking his head. "She said she had to do the washin' for the Purdy's today but she'd be around first thing Monday mornin'!"

"Not Mandy—CANDY!" hollered Ma. "Oh, I never!"

And she run back into the kitchen, scolding and muttering to herself.

THAT was the night that done it, really, and it always made me feel guilty to think of it afterward. Grandpa's ninety-fifth birthday was a week later, and we hadn't hardly finished the birthday supper that night till Uncle Dred—Ma's oldest brother—leaned over and handed Grandpa a little package. Now I knowed for a fact that what Grandpa wanted for a present was a poke of Green Eagle Chewing Tobacco for that's what I'd got him. But it was plain that Uncle Dred and Aunt Tess and Ma had something far fancier in mind.

We all watched Grandpa unwrap the little package and fold the paper and the string and stick them in his shirt pocket. Then he opened the little box to see what it was. I be darned if I knowed what it was anymore than Grandpa did. Sureways it looked like a radio and sureways it looked like a flashlight.

"What is it?" hollered Grandpa.

"It's a hearing aid!" yelled Aunt Tess in his ear. "I say, it's a hearing aid!"

"Lemonade!" yells Grandpa, looking all around the table to see if there was any around.

"IT'S A HEARING AID, PA!" everybody yelled at once. "You stick that little end in your ear and you hang the box."

Well, the neighbors must have thought we was fighting for sure that night, and directly Uncle Dred got the thing around Grandpa's neck he stuck the plug in his ear and turned the little knob so's the juice was on. Grandpa sat there studying it over for a second and listening and directly his face lit all up and he grinned.

"Well, now," he says. "Well, now, if that don't beat the Dutch."

He sat there all wired up like a telephone pole and directly Uncle Dan Cresap come over and showed him how to turn the little button that made her loud or soft, and somehow he got her up too loud and belched and like to blowed poor Grandpa off his chair.

"Well, now," says Grandpa. "Well, now, that's what I call real clever!"

"Yes," laughed Ma, folding her napkin up real neat and patting it down smooth with the tips of her fingers. "It will certainly make things a sight quieter around here for us. A body can't think with everyone yelling at Papa half the time."

Grandpa hopped up and ran out in the hall and stood by the clock for a while listening to it tick, and then he went out on the porch and listened to the neighbors chatting softly on their porches and the crickets talking down under the hydrangeas.

"Yessir!" hollered Grandpa, like a kid with a lollipop. "I don't reckon I ever knowed what I was missin'!"

Then they brought him back in the dining room and Uncle Dan started everybody to singing "Happy Birthday to You." Not me though. I wasn't having no part of it. It just didn't seem like it was Grandpa anymore. I just couldn't see

ILLUSTRATED BY
MIKE MITCHELL



**He chewed Green Eagle and
disgraced them all in public.
All the same he was right.
Grandpa was deaf but not dumb**

him and me could ever get the hang of talking together anymore with that fool contraption always in the way. I just felt like going and getting my scribbler and throwing it in the trash can. And I felt half sick looking at Grandpa running around like a dazed nunny, listening to every fool thing in the house that buzzed or ticked or squeaked and then asking all the family to say something in the little box so's he could hear what they sounded like.

Directly they got him in the parlor and Pa opened two bottles of his homemade root beer and Uncle Dred stood up and made a long speech about what a wonderful old soul

Continued on page 33



By **BRUCE HUTCHISON**

Associate Editor, Winnipeg Free Press

WHO IS the most powerful figure in America? I nominate the late German Minister of Propaganda, Dr. Josef Goebbels. His contribution to history was the invention of the Big Lie.

I believe that Goebbels is only dead in the flesh, that he lives on in spirit as a commanding figure of our times, that his Big Lie, with suitable local coloration, has become a major instrument of our public and private life, that the Goebbels technique is corrupting the whole structure of our North American society.

A glittering parade of lies passes through our heads every day, and passes for the truth.

The first is the Lie of Abundance.

It tells us that the earth has unlimited wealth—

almost solid gold, you would think, and studded with diamonds around the equator. It tells us that the earth is so rich in everything that everybody could have all he wanted, or imagined, if we would only change our method of producing and distributing goods.

This lie is young, about 100 years of age. Perhaps no lie so powerful in its effects has ever entered the thinking of the human family.

On the basis of this lie revolutions have engulfed many nations. Mighty movements of human emancipation have produced the most ruthless systems of slavery. Great states have been despoiled or turned into prisons. In the attempt to grasp wealth which was never there to grasp, much of the world has been reduced to penury and hunger.

We can, of course, improve our methods of producing and distributing goods. In the industrial nations we have been improving them for a century or more, until a man on relief in America today is better off for goods than a laborer working full

time in our grandfather's youth. That improvement will go on if we can avoid the destruction of the economic machine which makes it possible.

But, as we stand today, there is not unlimited wealth, or even enough food in the world to feed everybody, and there will not be for a long time, no matter what system we may use to produce or distribute it.

North America is fantastically rich by past standards, but if you take the national income of Canada and the United States combined, and divide it by the joint population, you find that our productive apparatus, working under full steam, can provide us with something like \$1,800 per head per year (in dollars not worth much over 50 cents in prewar purchasing power). More than 10% must be set aside to repair and expand our plant, and another substantial sum must be given away to other continents. In Canada our income is roughly \$1,000 per head in inflated dollars.

However equally we may *Continued on page 45*

Goebbels led the Germans to disaster with falsehoods so immense that they were believed. Watch out, warns Hutchison — we're swallowing fables just as fantastic and dangerous

Git Aloft, Little Dogie

By PIERRE BERTON

ON THE parched brown desert of northern Chile, in the shadow of the gaunt, purple Andes, a big four-motored Douglas transport set its wheels down briefly on a blazing day in January.

A native of the seacoast town of Antofagasta ran out onto the air strip, looked up at the big plane, rubbed his eyes and vowed he'd touch no more of the pale Chilean *cercosa* which is the only really damp item on the Antofagastan desert.

For a moment he thought he'd seen a cow gazing at him from one of the windows.

He had seen a cow. She bore the pedigreed title of Glenafton Laurel Heather, she had won the all-Canadian championship for dairy cattle at the 1948 Royal Winter Fair, and just 84 hours before she had been munching hay in a barn at Aliston, Ont.

She was one of 24 bovine passengers on a cattle plane—modern successor to the old cattle boat—and she was already a seasoned traveler. In the past three days she had gazed out of that same window onto the ice-sheathed runway of Toronto's Malton Airport, onto the tall Royal Palma of Miami Beach, onto the fetid jungles that crawl southward from the Colombian coast, onto the spaghetti-like rivers of Ecuador and the red, wrinkled hide of Peru.

This prize Canadian cow and I were fellow passengers on a 6,000-mile flight from Toronto to Montevideo, Uruguay. Strictly speaking the cow was a passenger and I was her servant, booked on the crew list as "cattle attendant," which means I was assistant nursemaid to 23 Holstein-Friesian cows and one Red Poll bull. Luckily I had help in the persons of Lucio Susaeta, a Chilean university graduate, and Bob Cooper, a retired Ontario cattle breeder. Both Lucio and Bob can milk. I can't.

These particular cows were milked at 8,000 feet and fed hay at 12,000. They visited seven foreign countries. They are among the most valuable cattle in the world (they're pedigreed breeding stock) and most of them will spend their days grazing on the green chess-table farmland outside of Montevideo. It cost \$12,600 to ship them from their Ontario homes, but their combined value is \$53,000. South American farmers, who think that Canadian Holsteins are the best dairy cattle in the world, don't balk at paying as much as \$4,500 for one cow. (Canadian cattle hold 28 out of 32 world dairy awards.) For South America, which produces the best beef in the world, badly needs good dairy stock to interbreed with its own scrawny strain. For three years, plane-loads of cattle such as this one have been winging their way south each winter to the land of the Andes and the pampas.

Snow was blowing in horizontal lines across the airport at Malton, outside of Toronto, on the Thurs-

day morning we were scheduled. Lee, the black-browed Texan whose home is now in Miami, came into the hangar, shivering and bent together, a day's stubble on his face, brought the big DC-4 in from sunny Canada; he'd delivered another load of Canadian cattle as usual he'd had no sleep. He didn't much on the trip south.

Outside the cattle were being rolled tarmac in big trucks owned by Hays-Oakville, Ont. Jack Hays, the burly ruddy Calgary-born breeder and exporter who thought the idea of sending cattle by plane instead of boat, was along to supervise the loading. He told me that he'd got the idea during the war talking to an RCAF pilot on a trans-continental train trip. He and this pilot, whose name was Jerry Goodwin, teamed up after the war and sent a DC-3 loadful of cattle to Cuba just three years ago. It was the first time that Canadian cattle had ever been shipped by plane and it came within a few hours of being the first cattle flight in history. A Pennsylvania outfit, on a flight to Colombia, had beaten Hays by a few hours.

Milking on the Fly

THE cows were herded one at a time from the rear of the truck up a long gangplank and into the body of the plane, big cows first, then the little calves and finally the bull. They weighed a total of 17,000 pounds and bore the white feet, white tail switches, the solid black saddle markings, and in most cases the white forehead stars that are the mark of good purebred Holsteins in this country. Hays' men, tapping them on the flanks continually with yellow canes, arranged them in five rows facing forward, blocking each row off with a horizontal wooden stanchion to which each cow was tethered. The interior of the plane was rapidly taking on the appearance of a cramped and serviceable barn.

Three of the smallest calves in the rear were going along as a sort of bonus. They had been born after their South American owners had purchased the mother cows. There have been times when calves have been born in mid-air without difficulty. Happily, this was not to be one of them.

Take-off time had been set at 10 a.m. but the cattle weren't loaded completely until 1. By 2.30 the blizzard had increased, the ceiling was dropping and the Uruguayan consul hadn't arrived to visa the necessary papers. By 3 p.m. the airport was declared closed because of weather. Everybody went home except Bob and Lucio, who stayed behind to feed, milk and guard the cattle. There were five cows to be milked and each cow was a heavy

Continued on page 48

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MAP BY GRASSICK





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MAP BY GRASSICK



LONDON LETTER



Ruhr protest march. Who did lose the war?

Germans Could Win The Cold War

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

IN JULY, 1946, I went with a small parliamentary deputation to Germany. We stayed in Hamburg, stayed for two days, then motored to Berlin via the autobahn through the Russian Zone, came through the Ruhr, visited Cologne, and then returned to London. According to custom, I wrote about it in the London Letter and made some observations about the future.

I have just reread the three articles which I wrote on my visit, and for the sake of the argument which I want to put forward to you, it is not without interest to extract these quotations:

"Forty miles to Berlin and large colored signs in Russian began to stare us in the face. I assumed that they were traffic directions, but I was wrong. They were exhortations such as:

"Salute the glorious Red Army for its mighty victories against Fascist Germany!"

"Workers and peasants unite in the struggle against Capitalism!"

"Every now and then there would be a sign in English:

"Warning. The road ahead is skiddy."
"We agreed."

Two years later the Russians closed the autobahn which was the main road artery for supplying the Allied Zones in Berlin. I am not pretending that we foresaw the air lift and the whole pattern of coming events, but we did sense the impossibility of the situation remaining as it was. Any delusion that Russia intended to act as an ally in peace was shattered by her brutal frankness in calling for a world revolution against Capitalism.

Nevertheless, we were less worried about Russia on that visit than about Germany.

Here is another quotation which gives our impression of the beaten enemy one year after the war had ended.

"The German, though he does not understand war guilt,
Continued on page 26

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

The U. S. Takes a Hand in Our Wheat Deal

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

NOT LONG ago Prime Minister St. Laurent went to Quebec City to inspect military establishments there. As the P.C.'s party drove through town, one of his aides noticed their escort was a motorcycle squad from the Provost Corps instead of civilian police.

He asked the commanding officer, "What right has your Provost Corps to regulate civilian traffic like this?"

"None at all," was the reply. "But when we asked the Quebec Provincial Police for an escort, they said nothing doing."

"They said they weren't supposed to mix in politics. So they couldn't escort a Liberal Prime Minister."

...

CANADIANS and British had been wrangling politely for months before they finally announced agreement on the wheat price for 1949-50. They'd been wrangling over the stipulation in the original agreement that the 1949 price should "have regard to" the losses incurred by Canadian farmers when they accepted low prices in the wheat contracts of the earlier postwar years.

Canada wanted either a cash settlement, to wipe out or reduce the difference between what Britain paid and what she would have paid in the open market, or an extension of the wheat contract, with its assurance of "stability," for another year or two.

When Jimmy Gardiner, the Agriculture Minister, negotiated the wheat agreement in 1946, he obviously expected the bottom to fall out of the wheat market as it did after World War I. Prices have held up through the whole life of the agreement,

so the British contract hasn't brought the Canadian farmer extra money at any time. And since it expires next year, it no longer offers "stability" either.

After weeks of argument on these points, London and Ottawa reached agreement quite suddenly—an agreement that left the whole dispute unsettled, and continued the contract at the old price. The reason for this hasty peace was simple: Washington was annoyed.

Washington, through the Marshall Plan, is putting up the money with which Britain pays for Canadian wheat. In Washington, Canada had argued that our wheat contract with Britain was in itself a kind of Marshall Aid—we were helping Britain not by lending money but by selling at a cut price.

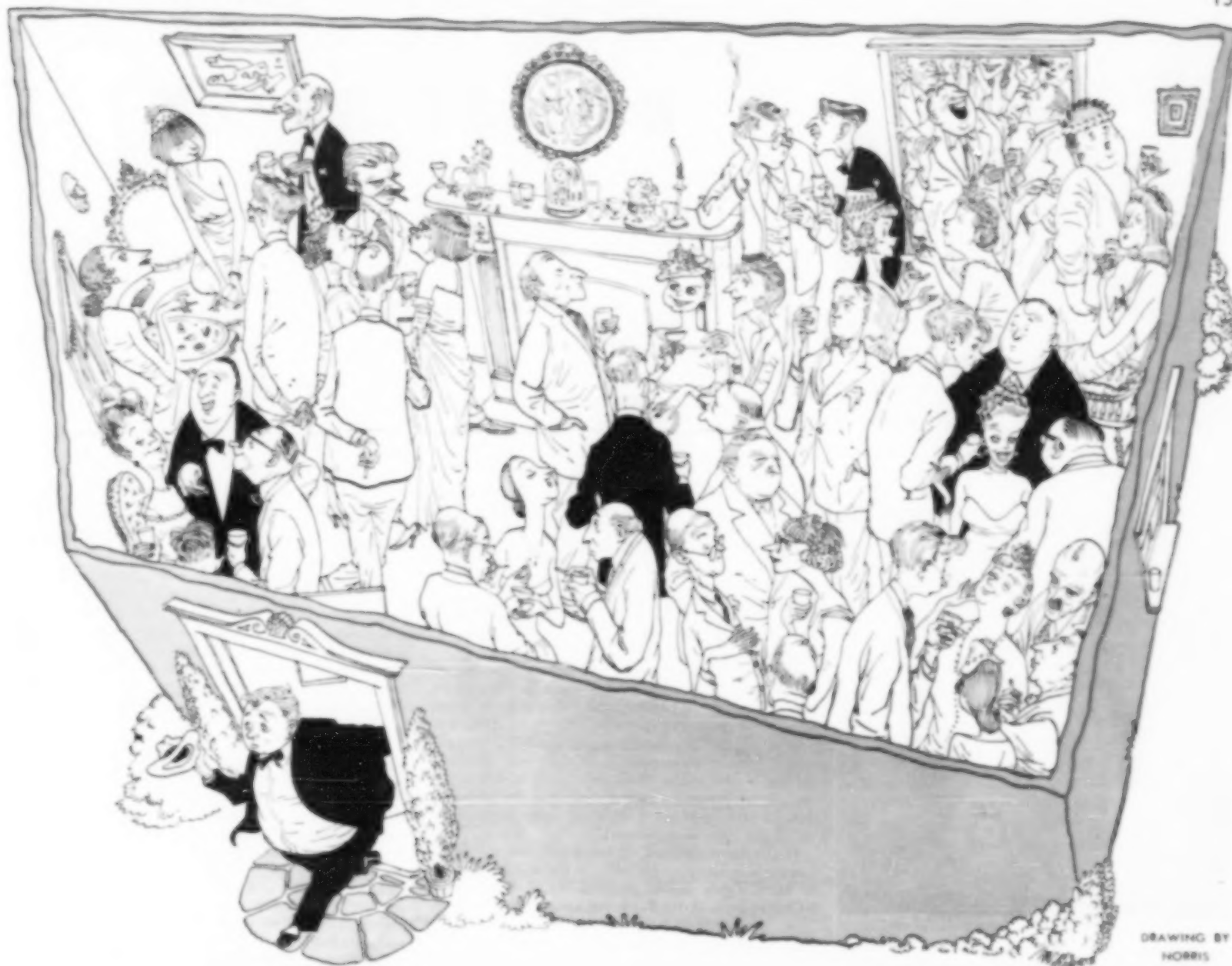
Washington accepted this reasoning. But when Canada then turned around and tried to get the British to pay back this vaunted aid—and do it with American money—Washington was not amused. Neither did the U. S. look with favor on an extension of our wheat contract. What is the sense of having an international wheat conference, they said, if one major producing country already has most of its exports tied up in a two-nation deal?

Meanwhile, the Marshall Plan was coming up before Congress again and the Truman Administration had to defend the policy of buying goods outside the United States. They wanted to defend it on the ground that countries like Canada (which got nearly 40% of off-shore purchases last year) were doing their share to help Britain.

Canada's share, in Washington's view, ought to be (1) continuing to sell cheap wheat to Britain; (2) letting the British
Continued on page 47



There's no one in the Mackenzie Kingless Government who really knows the rules.


DRAWING BY
MORRIS

I USED to drink and I don't any more, but this isn't the story of a reformed rumbler. I slept in no gutters. I kicked no cops. I lost no week ends. No colored animals followed me around. If people weren't there I didn't see them. I was just what psychiatrists call a "social drinker," which means someone who handles the stuff with ordinary moderation and average common sense.

It also means my drinking history is the kind you don't read about. When a real career lush straightens out, his struggle to climb on the wagon and stay there is often spectacular. When a mere moderate decides to lay off, on the other hand, he simply quits.

Still, as I know from experience, going dry is quite a thing even when it doesn't involve a battle with the bottle. So I figure it's time a former social drinker spoke up for a change, instead of leaving the field to the snake-pit set, and that's what I'm going to do now.

I don't claim my story is typical. I can't. Reasons and reactions don't run much to form in cases like these and are apt to be pretty varied and personal. It's probably about as typical as they come, though; and one of the things that make it so is that once in a long while, on special occasions like Christmas or New Year's, or to celebrate a bit of extra good luck, I used to get tight.

I also got tight now and again when the occasion wasn't special, but such lapses were very rare, and they, too, were approximately typical. Any man who drinks at all and tells you he never has lapses is either lying in his teeth, suffering from a conveni-

ent disorder of the memory, or else is endowed with such fantastic restraint he wouldn't holler if he sat on a tack. I have sworn a tremendous oath to myself not to lie about anything in the whole of this piece, in or out of my teeth, and my memory is working fine. I say these dizzy spells were rare, and they were rare. Mostly I just had two or three beers, or a couple of small whiskeys, or the odd cocktail, and let it go at that.

In this modest and decorous fashion I went from day to day. Sometimes I drank my ration in the neighborhood beer parlor, where there were comfortable chairs and little gratings along the wall through which music came at regular intervals. Sometimes, if I happened to be downtown and was in the mood, I nipped into a proper bar, with stools to sit on and bartenders in white jackets. Generally, however, I did my drinking at home, looking over the edge of the glass at my wife and feeling relaxed and content.

That was pleasantest of all. Often, particularly on a winter night when the firelight danced on the living room ceiling and outside there was a bitter

wind and the sifting him of snow, it was nothing short of idyllic. It seemed impossible I could ever want to live any other way. And yet . . .

Something strange was happening to me. Some nights I wouldn't even take my cherished glass of red wine with my meal. The next night I'd have wine again and the curious thing was that I then drank it almost sullenly, as though I was going through a ritual I didn't quite believe in any longer and which had got tiresome.

Although I recognized the truth right from the start, that drinking was beginning to bore me, I couldn't take it in. I thought I must be coming down with flu, or maybe my liver was out of whack, or I was working too hard—a comforting thought but not too realistic. I could understand how I might have taken a brief scunner to whisky, because it had never been a favorite of mine and I'd gone off it before. I could see why beer mightn't appeal as much as usual, because the weather was too cold. It was obvious why I didn't fancy a Tom Collins, or anything else that was summery and full of ice. What

Continued on page 42

I QUIT!

The Swan Song of
A "Civilized" Drinker

By HENRY CRAIG



Curtain in two minutes. Speed! Speed!
Below: Volkoff dancers in war frenzy.



By day they are quiet stenographers, shopgirls, housewives, but in the mysterious intimacy of backstage they become the glamorous and graceful creatures of Winnipeg's talented ballet corps.



BALLET RALLY

By JUNE CALLWOOD

PHOTOS BY RICE AND BELL

BALLET, once appreciated only by those who can distinguish between Debussy and Ravel without a program, is more popular in North America today than it has ever been. Things are going so well, in fact, that there is even some talk that they might start paying the dancers in this country.

This would be startling, for while Canada has about a dozen concert groups—ballet companies of from 15 to 40 dancers selected from the cream of an estimated 15,000 students—not one of them has ever received more than a graceful nod on payday.

Best bet to bring some dollars in the direction of the dancers is the Canadian Ballet Festival, opening in Toronto in the first week of March. It will be the second attempt by Canadian dancers and choreographers to show the paying public that home-grown ballet can be good entertainment. If it succeeds financially, it may become a permanent institution.

Canadian dancers have been greatly encouraged by the ballet boom in the United States, which gathered force when several of Europe's finest companies emigrated suddenly after the outbreak of war in 1939. The Broadway musical "Oklahoma!" took a score of ballerinas out of the broad lines and started a new fad in show business. Today every top musical comedy sports a chorus line of ballet dancers; it's been years since the stage hands have heard the click of tap cleats.

Ballet has influenced women's fashions, and some members of the younger set nowadays glide around in extra-heavy ballet slippers, with 18 yards of ballerina-style skirts fluttering around their calves.

Fashion mannequins strike splayfooted poses, with arms and fingers poised in ballet positions. Many models actually are ballet dancers. Photographers and couturiers make monthly forays into the dressing rooms of the musicals and the major ballet companies.

All this to-do has had its effect in Canada.

Toronto before the war was a three-night stand for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, and the house was never full. The Ballet Russe now stays two weeks, giving 12 night shows and two matinees without an empty seat in the house. In only two other cities in North America, New York and Chicago, does the Ballet Russe have such a successful stop.

The Winnipeg Ballet Company and Toronto's Volkoff Canadian Ballet Company, the two best in the country, have both done much touring. The Winnipeg group has made four tours of the Prairies, finding better and bigger audiences each time, and the Volkoffs report the biggest audiences in their history in eastern cities. Both companies, however, are broke.

Ballet for Babies

EACH tour has been only profitable enough to finance the sets and costumes for the next tour. All the dancers are genuine amateurs. The only progress made in ballet's tight little squirrel cage is that, though costs grow higher, the audiences are growing also. Some day, it is hoped, the gates are bound to outstrip the costs.

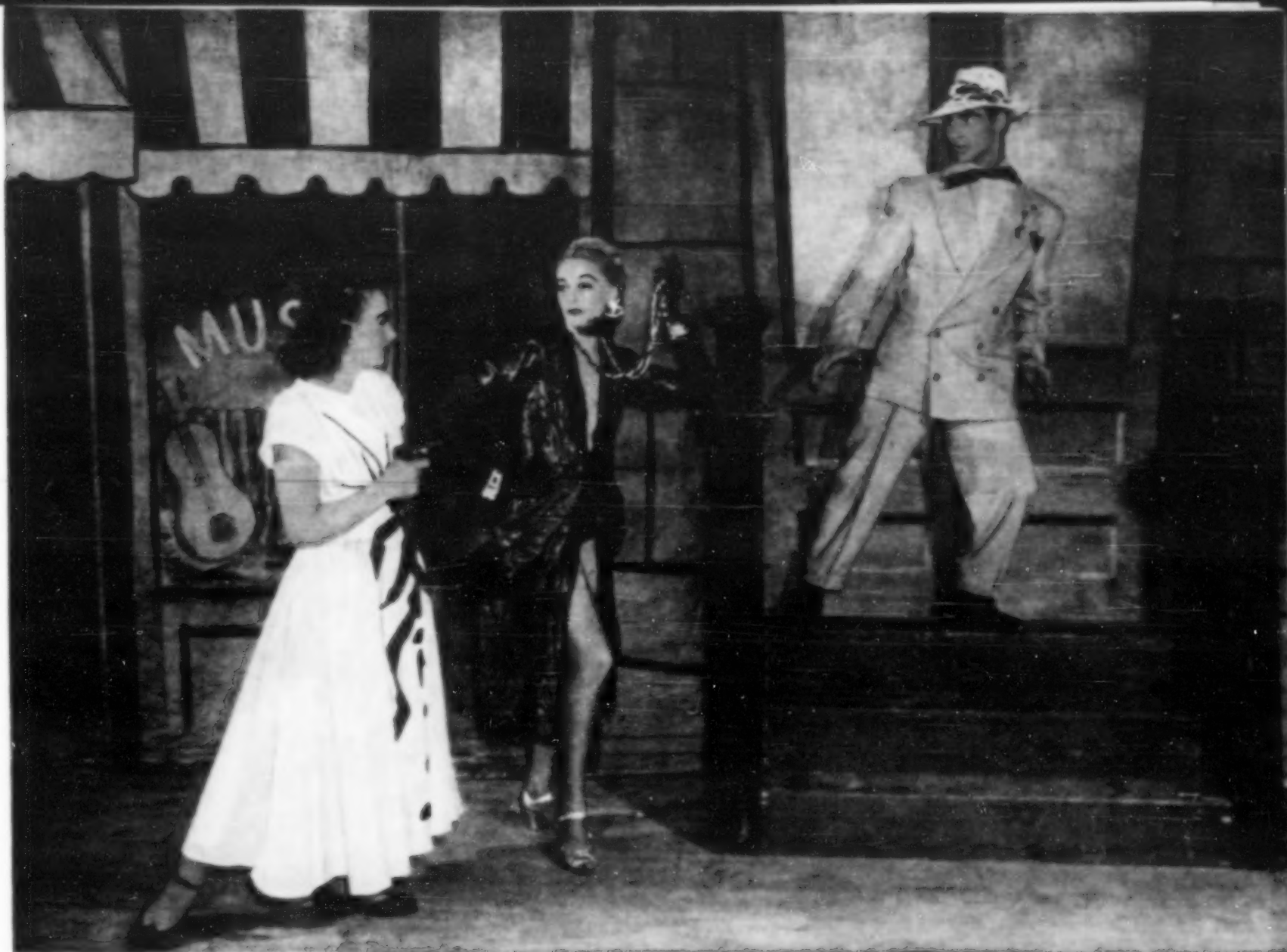
The country's leading ballet teachers have waiting lists of students. In Toronto, where a ballet shoe manufacturer estimates there are 3,000 boys and girls learning to perform a grande jette—that's ballet for a good long leap—one teacher has a waiting list of 300.

Teachers agree that the age of eight or nine is best for a child to begin lessons. Real ballet is too strenuous for younger children, but some schools feature "baby ballet" classes for four- and five-year-olds.

"Children are wonderful to work with," one teacher explained. "They have no preconceived notions about ballet. They haven't decided, as

Slap on the point — those lights are tough.





Vice and purity mix in the Winnipeg original, "Chapter 13." It "wakes father up every time."

This is fairly easy. Try it with your girl friend.

many adults have, that it's a 'sissy' thing to do." Several veterans, no issues they, used their rehabilitation grants to take ballet lessons.

One Toronto lad unnerved his parents by asking that they buy him season tickets to the ballet, instead of rugby tickets. He meant it, too.

Working always in front of a mirror so they can correct any awkward poses, ballet students learn first the five positions of the feet which are the basis of every movement in ballet.

The first position is putting the heels together and keeping the feet on a straight line with toes facing the opposite walls; the second is an extension of the first, with the heels apart the length of one and a half of the dancer's feet (this measurement must be accurate to the inch); the third has one foot in first position and the other with the heel against the instep; the fourth position is an extension of the third, with one foot a foot and a half in front of the other; and the fifth (watch this one: has the toes and heels of both feet touching, the feet pointing in opposite directions).

Teachers claim that it takes an average student five years to get a good grip on the fundamentals, and another five before he or she is ready for the concert group.

For the first two years, one lesson a week is customary; the next few years the student comes twice a week. Members of concert groups spend an hour or two at the studio four or five times a week.

When a dancer is ready for the concert group, he or she has usually reached the late teens, and parents begin mumbling about employment. The dancers look around for jobs that will least affect their dancing careers, and many settle on office work. Boys sometimes become mechanics, clerks, factory workers. One member of the Winnipeg group, a D.P., does housework.

One of the Volkoff's best ballerinas, Natalia Butko, worked in the office of an insurance company. In three years she had never had a sick day, or taken time off for her dancing. One morning she asked permission to be absent for an orchestra rehearsal. She was refused, went anyway, and returned to find herself fired.

Roly Young, late movie critic for the Toronto Globe and Mail, and a staunch friend of ballet, heard about this and blistered the company in his column.

The insurance company, which numbered among its policy holders one Rowland Young, scrambled around trying to get the girl to return. She refused, went to work for a biscuit company. Now she has the entire office staff of that company attending ballet.

"We've had girls faint on stage because they had been skipping meals," says Janet Volkoff, wife of the Volkoff Ballet's director.

"What else can the poor kids do? They have to earn their livings some." *Continued on page 24*

Canada has a ballet boom. Homespun Pavlovas prance in eye-opening shows; 15,000 take lessons. All for love — there's no money in it





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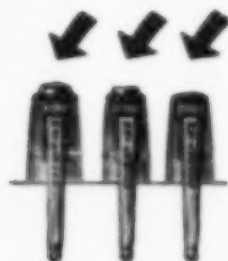
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HOW will you live when you are old?

In a dark and cheerless room in downtown Toronto Miss Phoebe Grant, a tiny, wrinkled woman of 76, lives alone and almost friendless. She subsists on an old-age pension of \$40 a month and her life is a prolonged nightmare of scrimping and cheap buying. All her bargain-hunting is devoted to food because she pays \$24 of her pension for rent.

When she first became a pensioner at 70 she received only \$28, but she was better off, she remembers. Rents were lower and food prices were such that she could buy liver, bacon, sausage, and fresh milk. Today she has no fresh milk, fruits or vegetables, and only the occasional bit of bacon or liver.

Like most old people she sleeps long hours—10 to 12 hours a night—and her food requirements are low. She buys tinned soups, sardines, milk, eggs and cheese, noodles and cereals.

New clothes? Her wrinkled face and her bright old eyes smile. "You've got to be foxy when you're old," she says. "I find people who will help me." She has no radio, goes to no movies, and her only social life is at Wednesday and Sunday meetings in her church.

Life on \$30 a month is a bitter dose for our aged. But to raise pensions from the slum level would cost plenty. Can we afford it?

In a smelly tenement not far from her two old widowers, frail ghosts of men, pooled their pensions and rented two rooms, one of them unheated. They had first met in an old men's hostel, where they lived in dormitories and ate in common dining rooms. They decided to strike out for "independence."

Frank Knight, 85, and Albert Storey, 80, receive pensions of \$37 and \$34 respectively. Although they live in the big city's backwash, and although for them the hustle of life is done, these two men face the far end of their years with a sort of brittle cheer.

Even the sickness of old age, which forces one or the other to bed frequently (and which brings the Victorian Order of Nurses to help them), does not dismay them too much. "We get through all right," says Storey, referring to the one subject of vital interest—how to balance a meagre budget.

Their rooms cost a total of \$12.50 a month and

their gas bill runs to \$7 a month for the heated room during the winter. From their combined pensions this leaves them \$51.50 for food, clothing and tobacco, or less than \$1 a day each. Storey, whose first pension was \$20 a month 10 years ago, says he was better off then because food prices were lower, and Knight, too, remembers better days when he received less money from the Government.

Everywhere across Canada these stories of old-age pensioners living on the edge of poverty are repeated, with thousands of small variations.

To thousands of the country's 250,000 aged the monthly cheque is a kind and generous gift which enables them to live out their lives in some peace and dignity. Thousands of others live a harsh life in stinking old buildings, in dirt and filth and squalor; friendless and hopeless and trapped.

This year Canada's pensioners will receive slightly more than

Continued on page 35

PENSION POVERTY

By HAROLD DINGMAN

Starting out, long years ago, they had your high hopes. They end in a dingy, cluttered den.



FROM the bedroom where she was answering the phone Hilda's voice suddenly sounded flat with embarrassment. Joe stopped polishing his shoes and listened.

"Why, we don't exactly know . . ." she said. "I mean it's nothing definite, just one of those leads . . ."

She listened a while, then she said in a loudly indignant voice, "Why, Bill, I'm surprised at you, I really am! You know we wouldn't . . . Why, I'm insulted, I really am!"

When she came in with a slightly strained expression, Joe said, "What did he want?"

"He heard about the apartment," Hilda said quietly. "He ran into Dorothy and Al up in the country. She told him you offered her an apartment."

Joe straightened up. He stared at Hilda. "That puts us in an awkward position."

"I don't see why," said Hilda coldly. "I don't see why it does at all. We haven't seen Bill and Anne for months and we obviously have other friends who are just as much in need of an apartment."

Joe started polishing his shoes again, slowly. "You should have told him we've given it away already. Now we're in an embarrassing position."

Hilda said calmly, "Who could I say we'd given it to? We haven't made up our minds yet, have we? If I gave the wrong name he'd find out about it eventually."

"What did he say that made you sore?"

"First he made a few cracks about friends in need. You know he's living with in-laws. He sounded pretty desperate."

"Well, so are all our friends," growled Joe. "So are most of the people we know."

"Then," said Hilda, "he said if we'd give it to him he'd appreciate it. He said he'd show his appreciation."

Joe slowly lifted his head. His eyes widened. "You mean he said he'd pay us off. He actually said . . ."



A MAN OF PRINCIPLE

By ROBERT ZACKS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. BOCK

"Not in actual words," said Hilda quickly. "You know, a sort of implication. Just that he'd show his appreciation."

"Why the nerve of that guy!" said Joe angrily. "If that isn't Bill for you. Doesn't he think we've got principles?"

"That's what I told him," said Hilda. "You heard me, didn't you? He apologized. He said he was under a terrible strain, he didn't know what he was saying."

Joe looked at her without saying anything. Then he put on his brightly polished black shoes and went into the bathroom to shave while Hilda prepared a breakfast of soft-boiled eggs and toast. When Joe came out of the bathroom he was still sour over the incident.

"Maybe we'll have to give it to him," he said glumly as he sat down at the table.

Hilda looked at him in dismay. "I thought we were going to give it to your boss' daughter. Didn't you?"

Joe frowned. He ate his egg thoughtfully. "Well," he grunted, "I'm not committed to her yet. And after all, Bill's an old friend of mine. And there are other factors to be considered."

"What other factors?" asked Hilda, staring at Joe.

Joe shrugged and looked down at his plate. "Well, for instance, Bill is a veteran and I never did get into the army. You know the position I'm in. We've got a swell apartment here for ourselves and he comes back—to what?"

Hilda's face shadowed in disappointment. Joe's boss had a wonderful summer place in the country and she'd been hoping—but after all . . .

"Joe," she said softly, "You're a real nice guy, you know that?"

Joe looked up, smiling. He made a fist the way he'd seen Humphrey Bogart do it in the movies and gently touched it against her jaw in a restrained, masterful love touch.

"We've gotta help the vets, don't we? Bill's one of my oldest friends."

AFTER breakfast was over Joe, on his way to work, stopped in downstairs to speak to Mr. Vinson, the landlord. The apartment he had to give away was in an old brownstone being remodeled by Mr. Vinson. It was on the next block. Joe rang the bell and Mr. Vinson came out in a bathrobe.

"Hiya, Vinny," said Joe cheerfully. "How's the hang-over?"

Mr. Vinson, a jolly-looking, stout man, greeted Joe. "What can I do for you, Joe?" he asked.

Joe told him he had a veteran who desperately needed the apartment. "Fellow's living with in-laws. Going nuts. I know you said I could have one of the apartments but I wanted to make sure."

Mr. Vinson stared at Joe. "Say, what is the matter with you anyway?" he said. "I told you one of the apartments was yours to give away. You've asked me four times 'just to be sure.' You know I keep my word. What's the matter with you?"

"Well," said Joe. "After all, you could make plenty in an 'under-the-table' pay-off if you wanted to. I mean to say it would be awkward if I told somebody there was no pay-off and—"

Mr. Vinson was staring at Joe and Joe said

hastily, "Well, I mean it's a hard thing to believe that—"

"Listen," said Mr. Vinson irritably, "when I rented you this place did I ask you for a bribe? Then what's so amazing about it now?"

"Okay," said Joe quickly. "It's good to know there's some square guys in the world. You're a right guy, Mr. Vinson."

"Yeah," said Mr. Vinson dryly. "Well, you bring this guy down to look at the place next week. It won't be ready for a month but he can pick his paint colors and which apartment he wants."

"Fine," said Joe eagerly. "Don't forget, another party in my apartment tonight."

Mr. Vinson waved his hand and went back into his own apartment.

JOE waited four days and then allowed Hilda to call Bill at his office and tell him the good news. Although it wasn't necessary, Bill dropped his work, went home to pick up Anne and they came over to Joe's apartment. When Joe came home they had spent the whole afternoon watching the construction and had already picked their colors. Bill and Anne were almost hysterical with their delight. Bill came over, grabbed Joe's hand and wrung it fervently.

"Pal," he said with deep feeling. "You have no idea what this means to us. It's—It's—" He stopped, unable to find words.

"Oh, don't!" said Joe heartily. "You think I don't, hey? Look, Billy boy, you aren't the only friends we have that need an apartment. There's others we know that need it even more. Some of them haven't even in-laws to live with. They're in hotel rooms, going broke."

Bill and Anne looked at him soberly. "I know," said Bill, seriously. "I'm sure glad you picked me. By the way, how—"

"Well," said Joe quickly. "When you heard about it from Dorothy it was just a lead. It wasn't definite, as Hilda told you it wasn't over the phone. Dorothy was right there when I heard about it, but I never offered it to her. It just came through definitely yesterday."

"We just can't begin to thank you enough," said Anne fervently. Her eyes were shining. "You know, it's our first apartment. We were married during the war."

"Part of the way you can thank us," said Joe grimly, "is to protect us." He shook his head worriedly. "There'll be a lot of friends sore at us because we gave the place to you instead of them. Just like you would have gotten sore if we'd given it to somebody else."

Bill nodded understandingly.

"I can see the position you are in," he admitted. "We won't talk about how we got the place. Say, how did you . . ."

"Mr. Vinson, the landlord, is my pal," said Joe. "He's a good guy." He hesitated. Then he said with a casual significance, "He comes in here every night and talks your head off. But it pays off. After all, he had to return the favor."

Bill looked at Joe carefully. Before he could say anything Hilda, who had been impatiently awaiting a chance to come into the conversation, said, "And would you believe it, Mr. Vinson won't take a bribe. That's the kind of—"

Then she caught the wink Joe was giving Bill and she said indignantly, "But he doesn't, Joe. We didn't have to pay one when we took this place."

"No," said Joe

Continued on page 30



"Joe," she said softly,
"you're a real nice guy."

A bribe is an ugly thing.
You hate to offer one to the man
who has just done you
the best turn of your life

W. J. Burke



Assembly-line production can't bypass the sure hand of the chalk-and-scissors man.

Tip Top pioneered women's suits when the boss' daughters envied their brothers' tags.



HE SUITS MILLIONS

By RAY GARDNER

PHOTOS BY RICE AND BELL

TEN DAYS before last Christmas, David H. (for Herbert) Dunkelmann, millionaire president and founder of Tip Top Tailors, was relaxing with an after-dinner cigar in his 18-room Toronto home when he was summoned to the telephone by his English butler.

"You don't know me, Mr. Dunkelmann, I'm just one of your customers," the caller explained. "I'm phoning to ask a favor. I ordered a suit today at your Yonge Street store and I need it desperately for Christmas. The store manager tells me it can't be done; I ordered too late. Could you do anything to help me?"

Dunkelmann wanted to know just how urgent it was. The man explained that he was leaving for Montreal on Christmas Eve to attend his daughter's wedding there next day.

"Give me your name," Dunkelmann said. "I'll see you get the suit on time."

The bride walked down the aisle clutching the sleeve of a rush-order suit, and the father wrote Dunkelmann a thank-you note enclosing a piece of wedding cake.

About the same time a man walked into Dunkelmann's Regina store, sheepishly explained to a clerk that in the parcel he was carrying was the jacket of a Tip Top suit he'd bought 17 years ago, that the sleeves were a trifle long. He wondered if, after all these years, they would shorten them.

They would and did.

In Hivers, Man., a few years ago, a man ordered a suit from Dunkelmann's agent there to wear to the Calgary Stampede. When the suit failed to arrive in time, the agent loaned his own new suit to the customer.

Back from Calgary the customer picked up the suit he had ordered and, because he had become attached to it, bought the agent's suit too.

Believing that the customer is always right—he puts it "every customer is a gem"—Dunkelmann has, in 39 years, built Tip Top into the largest company in the Canadian garment industry. A five-story plant in Toronto turns out nearly 300,000 garments a year. Tip Top won't reveal the exact figures, but it and its two subsidiary companies do an annual business of between \$9 and \$10 millions. Profits in the 1947 annual statement, the latest available, were \$327,000 after taxation.

A chain of 50 Tip Top stores in 40 cities stretches from Victoria, B.C., to Sydney, N.S., and soon will reach Newfoundland. Six hundred and eighty-five

Tip Top dealers are scattered all over Canada, including Newfoundland and the Yukon, and reach into the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon.

Dunkelmann gets plenty of stiff competition but none of his rivals has as many fingers in the pie or, for that matter, has as large a pie. The operations of his three companies, Tip Top, W. R. Johnson and William H. Leishman, make his setup more comprehensive than any other.

He sells retail through his own stores and wholesale to hundreds of men's shops and department stores. He manufactures both off-the-hook ready-mades and tailored-to-measure clothes. He covers all price ranges from \$45 to \$110. He makes everything from a riding habit to full evening dress, does considerable business in mannish-tailored clothes for women. Both Tip Top and Johnson do a large military and commercial uniform business. In 39 years he has made and sold close to nine million garments.

They Swallowed Pins

DUNKELMAN'S empire is still growing. He's building a new chain called Dorchester Shops to sell mainly ready-made clothes. There are now three Dorchester shops—in Ottawa, Calgary and Vancouver. In time he expects this chain to have as many links as Tip Top has now.

Wherever you go in Canada, even to jail or a mental institution, you are likely to rub elbows with a Dunkelmann-made suit or uniform.

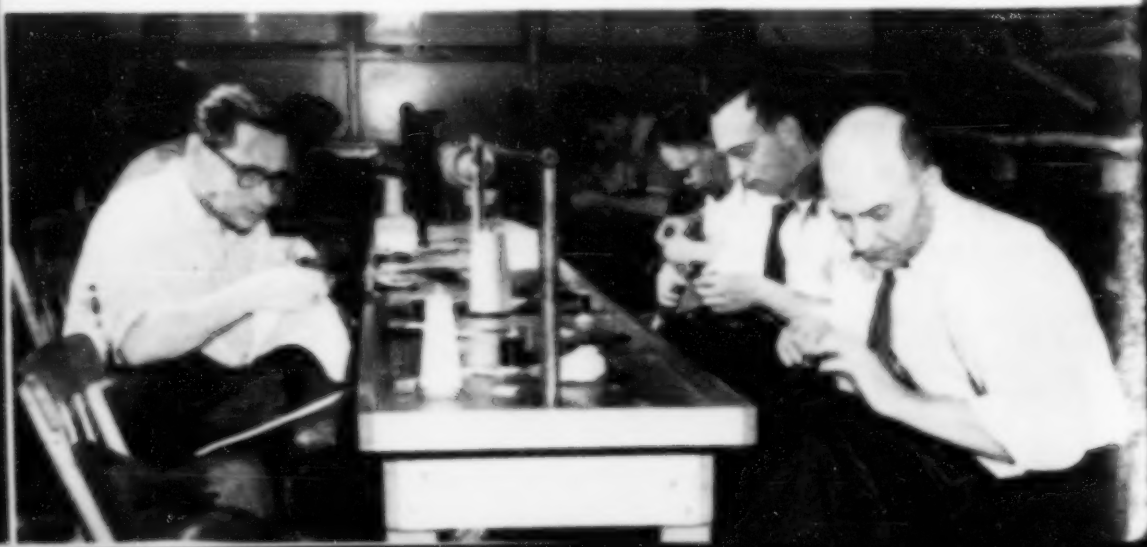
Guards in Quebec provincial jails and the Alberta prison at Fort Saskatchewan are outfitted by Dunkelmann. So are the nurses in the B. C. Provincial Mental Hospital at Esmondale.

Bus drivers on both coasts, bellhops in Toronto's Royal York Hotel and the Hotel Vancouver, police in Toronto, Moncton and Fort William, and the Speaker of the Ontario Legislature wear Tip Top outfits.

If a Technocrat wants a new suit (they wear a special light-blue serge) or a Salvation Army officer a new uniform, he may order it at one of Dunkelmann's stores.

The Canadian Army's newest battle dress was designed and is being made by Tip Top. During the war Tip Top turned out an army, navy or air force uniform every eight seconds and they were worn by fighting men of almost every Allied nation. The Soviet Union got a few naval officers' uniforms.

Tough on the eyes, but more costly made-to-measures need special stitches.



The man who lives off the well-dressed backs of the Canadian people had only \$1,500 and a shiny new merchandising idea when he started in 1910. His idea was so revolutionary at the time many a high-class custom tailor swallowed a mouthful of pins when he heard of it. Dunkelmann proposed to make a tailored-to-measure suit for the average man to sell at one price, \$14. At that time a tailored suit cost upward of \$50. The ordinary man bought his suit off the rack at \$18 to \$25.

The secret of the \$14 suit lay, at first, in the shrewd buying of odd bits of material, but soon depended on a great volume of sales.

While other tailors bought complete bolts of cloth at, say, \$2 a yard, Dunkelmann would shop around for ends of the same material, pay as low as 30 cents. At times he'd buy as little as three and a quarter yards of a certain material, though it requires about three and a half yards or more to make the average suit. Then he'd have to wait for a small customer.

Today Tip Top's success depends on a tremendous turnover, which pays off two ways in keeping costs down. On a single trip Dunkelmann's woollens buyer will purchase a million dollars' worth of cloth, is offered substantially lower prices because of the size of his orders. Tailoring defies 100% mechanization and suits still have to be hand cut, but Tip Top's plant is run on an assembly-line basis with a high degree of mechanization.

Production costs are slashed by a system of specialization which finds 105 men and women working on a single suit. One man's job is sewing six stitches in a coat lapel, yet he is one of the most highly skilled workers and one of the few actually called a tailor.

Tip Top has got it down so fine that an accountant can tell how much it would cost them to put an extra pleat in a pair of pants.

Dunkelmann is a short (five feet three inches) and slight former buttonhole maker with blue eyes and a fringe of almost snow-white hair. He speaks softly and slowly and seems determined to avoid any suggestion of being dogmatic. "Is that right?" he often asks after stating an opinion. But behind this benign façade lurks a shrewdness that can best be measured by his company's assets: at the end of 1947 a capital and surplus of \$3,058,171.

At 68 he still puts in an eight- to 10-hour day in his oak-paneled office, often poking an enquiring nose into various departments of the firm's plant and head offices in Toronto, except when arthritis drives him off to Florida or Arizona for a rest.

Two of his three sons and 32 top-line executives are capable of doing most of the worrying for him, but Dunkelmann is a chronic worrier and insists on taking care of details himself. He breathes on the necks of his staff, lecturing them on his two obsessions, quality and coddling the customer.

He writes messages to the staff entitled, "I love my customers." He once told his firm's convention, "When a customer is about to leave the store, I'd help him on with his coat, I'd see him to the door and if I thought he was coming back—I'd kiss him!"

Customer Is King

DUNKELMAN possesses a "sixth sense" which members of his family swear is unfailing. He himself chuckles over it; it's the one trait he's prone to brag about. This is his ability to spot, among hundreds of garments, the one that has something wrong with it.

"It's uncanny," says Ernie Dunkelmann, the youngest son. "He can walk up to a rack with maybe two or three dozen suits on it and, bang, first try, he'll pick out the one with the fault in it."

"Then," Mrs. Dunkelmann adds, "he'll raise a racket about it while everyone is still wondering how he did it."

He likes twisting buttons to see if they're sewed on properly. "If a button comes off, the whole suit is no good, so far as the customer is concerned," he explains.

Dunkelmann is a shrewd trader. Once he walked in on his chief woollens

Continued on page 38



Dave Dunkelmann had a buttonhole; then he built a suit around it. He bought the catchy trademark Tip Top for \$25; then he pyramided his business into an empire

Ballet Rally

Continued from page 17

way, and they come to classes, practices and performances straight from their desks. They can't do that indefinitely; ballet demands too much. Sooner or later they have to give up ballet or go to the States where they can be paid to dance."

About 100 of Canada's finest dancers are now being paid for kicking up their heels on stages all over the world. Paddy Stone, from Winnipeg, is the lead male dancer in the London company of "Annie Get Your Gun"; Melissa Hayden went from Toronto to the Ballet Theatre, and from there to Cuba where she stars in Alicia Alonso's government-sponsored company.

A Toronto ballet teacher, Jane Forester, was the only Canadian in the cast of "The Red Shoes," the J. Arthur Rank ballet movie.

The companies of most Broadway musicals contain coveting Canucks. Barbara Ferguson left Toronto for the Metropolitan Opera Company's *corps de ballet* last fall and now has a principal role in "Allegro." Quebec's Allyn McLerie stars with Roy Bolger in "Where's Charley?"

Canadians dance with the Ballet Russe, the Ballet Theatre, and the Met *corps de ballet*. David Adams, now a lead male dancer at the Met, once cleaned buses in Winnipeg to pay for his ballet lessons. The Winnipeggers borrowed him from the Met for their recent Toronto appearance.

Members of Canadian concert groups usually try to synchronize their holidays with the tours their director has planned, but if this doesn't work out they either take leave of absence or forfeit their jobs. Like Winnipeg's prima ballerina, Joan McKenzie, some dancers are themselves teachers, and they lose a chunk of their income through their absence from class.

The Canadian Ballet Festival was concocted to speed up progress toward Canadian ballet's goal of turning professional. The second festival, a series of performances presented to the public by the country's leading concert groups, will be held in March in Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre. The first was held in Winnipeg last May.

Success for the Toronto festival would ensure a continuity of these ambitious events, as any profits will be used to underwrite future festivals. It might also keep many dancers in Canada who are now debating whether they will have to try the States to make a living.

Sex on the Water Front

Canada's six big ballet cities will be represented at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre during the week of the festival. Toronto will have two or three companies; Vancouver a company of about 16; Montreal about 15 plus a chaperon; Ottawa, 15; Hamilton, 15; and Winnipeg, about 10.

The companies, or concert groups, do not represent schools. Each city's leading ballet teacher generally has organized the group and does the choreography.

Each company is scheduled to present two or three ballets, lasting no more than 30 minutes each. One is to be a white, or classic, ballet such as "Swan Lake," "Les Sylphides," "Giselle" or "Scheherazade," and the others will be either an original conceived by the teacher or one of the established moderns, such as Agnes de Mille's "Rodeo" or Ruth Paige's "Frankie and Johnny."

These modern ballets, sometimes

called interpretative ballet, are what dancers use to pry their way into public favor. They feature elements of burlesque, comedy and pageantry, spiced with sex.

A prime example of Canadian-made modern ballet is the Winnipeg Ballet Company's "Chapter 13," a pure-corn satire of the pulp thriller, done by the company's very prolific choreographer, Gweneth Lloyd.

A water front studded with burlesque houses, cheap cafes and erratic street lights is the setting, and leaping on stage at irregular intervals are such staple personalities as a zoot-suited gangster, his burlesque-queen girl friend (with a décolletage down to her belt), a lovesick artist, and a pure sweet maid. Chorus girls in tight yellow sweaters, red plaid slacks and red snoods enter and exit on the dead run, pursued by sailors.

"A lot of ballet companies go haywire and get too involved in the cultural angle," according to David Yeddeau, manager of the Winnipeg

company. "It was the only city in the country where she knew someone. A graduate of the Royal Academy of Dancing, England, she immediately opened a school of dance and a year later had a ballet company ready to dance for the King and Queen."

That's where Yeddeau entered the picture. David Yeddeau is a round-faced, soft-voiced, persuasive man who was severely stage-struck early in his youth. His forte, since his dancing and acting were medium talents, became everything else that went into a stage production of any kind.

He ran classes on how to apply stage make-up; even lectured women's clubs on make-up. He was the urging spirit behind every dramatic endeavor in Winnipeg through the late '30's, produced all the University of Manitoba shows; made himself an expert on scenery, advertising, promotion and costumes. In addition, he was known in the moneyed circles in the city.

David was a natural for Gweneth. In a year he organized a ballet club,

Maclean's Magazine, March 1, 1949

phoning his friends. He had actually collected \$15,000 singlehanded when the day of the departure arrived. He had to admit he was licked.

"Well, there we were with \$15,000, might just as well have had none as only part," Yeddeau says now.

"I was at a party in Toronto later on telling people about it, when it suddenly clicked in my mind that the money could be used for the same sort of thing in Canada, only not a competition, of course."

"I told the Volkoffs about it—they were at the party—and they said it sounded wonderful. Ruth Sorol, who has a concert group in Montreal, was enthusiastic too, so when I got home I figured out what it would cost to pay everyone's fare and all the expenses."

"It seemed we could have Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, too. That seemed representative enough to call the thing Canadian Ballet Festival—and there it was."

Winnipeg had financial success sewed up a few days before the first festival was due to begin in mid-May—meaning that Winnipeg was going to break even.

Tickets for the three nights at the Civic Auditorium had been sold out well in advance. Manitoba's unprecedented spring floods were threatening the Auditorium, but Yeddeau refused to worry about them.

Yeddeau was selecting corsages for the ballet's patrons, the Governor-General and his wife, when a messenger burst through the door.

"The flood has risen!" he gasped. "The Auditorium is flooded! The festival is off!"

Incredibly, Yeddeau found another theatre, Winnipeg's historic Walker, which had been converted to a movie house. The manager agreed to rent for two nights only, for \$1,500. The theatre had 285 seats fewer than the Auditorium, so Yeddeau sadly returned money to 2,105 people.

The Crusading Volkoffs

On opening night Yeddeau was contemplating his debts, which were astronomical despite Vancouver's wired regrets that the company could not get through the floods, when one of his ermine-swathed friends came by and asked sympathetically if there was anything she could do.

Yeddeau picked up a stack of programs which he had intended to give away, shoved them in the startled woman's arms, and requested her to go peddle them.

He distributed the rest of the programs among others who offered to help, and assisted sales by leaping on stage in front of the curtain and telling the audience that it was quite out of the question to see a ballet festival without a program.

By this piece of cunning the Winnipeg company ended the festival only a few hundred dollars in the red.

The Volkoffs, who had brought 30 dancers from Toronto for the festival, insisted that everyone come to Toronto the following year. A festival committee was formed in Toronto, and invitations sent out for an even bigger affair.

The Volkoffs, whose Volkoff Canadian Ballet Company is neck and neck with Winnipeg for first-place honors in the country, are a married couple whose lives are devoted to ballet.

Boris is a small, snarling, vivid man, a Russian who came to Toronto in 1928 and promptly opened a ballet school. His concert group was either the first in Canada, or was started at the same instant as Miss Lloyd's—the point has never been cleared up.

Janet Volkoff, a daughter of one of

Continued on page 26

JASPER

By Simpkins



company. "We think the main function of the ballet is to entertain, and that, in brief, is what we're trying to do."

Yeddeau maintains that there are three separate audiences within every ballet audience. The long-hairs are there to watch the technique and perfection of the white ballet. Another group is there to see a spectacle such as Winnipeg's "Rachmaninoff Concerto," which is lighted by shifting shades of purple, lilac, mauve and scarlet following the pattern of the music. Still another group are the curious, the sceptics and the disgruntled husbands. "That's the bunch for 'Chapter 13,'" says Yeddeau. "That wakes father up every time."

Gweneth Lloyd and Yeddeau are the smartest team in Canadian ballet. She is one of the top choreographers, with a remarkable score of 26 originals in the 10 years she has been in Canada.

She is a spare, shrewd, grey-haired Englishwoman, with the general appearance of a hastily dressed schoolmarm, and a dry, Shavian wit. She came to Canada in 1938 with Betty Hay Farrally, now Winnipeg's ballet mistress, and settled in Winnipeg be-

lieving her one buck, and bought costumes and sets for Gweneth's first concert. He even sold the tickets himself.

Whenever the company was in need, Yeddeau would separate large hunks of money from his friends, thank them warmly for their patronage, and then sell them a book of tickets to the performance.

A Mere \$25,000

Yeddeau not only wants to see his "kids" make a living in Canada, but he has plans for them eventually to tour the world.

The festivals are Yeddeau's baby. They began with an invitation him beloved Winnipeg Ballet received about two years ago to represent Canada at a choreographic competition to be held in Copenhagen. Yeddeau realized the entire company would have to fly to Denmark to arrive in time, and discovered that the trip would cost a nifty \$25,000.

This, decided Yeddeau, was a mere detail compared to the tremendous honor of the invitation. He began

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Remember, some are born lucky;

smart people save.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Continued from page 24

Toronto's oldest families, is easy, breezy, charming and gracious. She fell in love with Boris and ballet simultaneously when she was one of his students, and now she helps him teach.

"We feel we're part of a crusade," Mrs. Volkoff says. "Canadians often claim there is no culture, no real art in this country. They've got a magnificent art right under their noses, and we are trying to make them realize it."

Ernie Rawley, manager of the Royal Alex Theatre, which books almost all musicals and ballets which come to Toronto, doubts that Canadian ballet will ever be a commercial proposition. His reasons are purely geographic:

Germans Could Win the Cold War

Continued from page 14

understands war. Deep down in his heart he admires us for having carried aerial warfare to a level of horror never thought possible by Hitler. He raises his hat and bows.

"This docility makes Germany an easy country to occupy. Many of us thought there would be an underground resistance movement, that youthful Nazis would murder by night, and that our soldiers would walk in fear of death. The German is not like that. He welcomes the conqueror with relief because it means a new discipline has come to take the place of the one that had existed."

"In 48 hours we could have had every German in the British Zone saying 'Heil Churchill!'... 'Heil Democracy!' said the Germans, without the faintest idea of what democracy meant."

After Berlin, as I have stated, we came back to the Ruhr, lunching at the huge, ugly, magnificent house of Herr Krupp, then occupied as a British officers' club. Here, in the Ruhr, is the iron heart and the sharp steel of German aggression. The RAF had mauled it almost beyond recognition, but bombs cannot destroy mines, and where there are coal and water power the potential strength remains, no matter how heavy the surface destruction.

Sensing this I wrote in the London Letter:

"The shadow of future trouble lies deep on the Ruhr. This massive district is the industrial base from which Germany draws her strength to make war. The French, with ruthless logic, demand that the Ruhr should be politically detached from Germany and placed under international control which would be preponderantly French. Thus the Ruhr would be made to serve all Europe and would be kept out of the hands of any militaristic superman who rose to carry on the work of Hitler and the Kaiser..."

"We must think hard and think straight. I believe international control of the Ruhr is possible and that the Germans would accept it. Equally I believe that the political amputation of the Ruhr is dangerous even though it be just."

Then there comes this observation: "The zonal division of Germany must be ended, even if Russia refuses to co-operate..."

Finally there is a paragraph in that report which disturbs me now: "I prophesy that before this grim battle for Germany is finished, Russia will turn on her puppet state of Poland and partition her once more, restoring to Germany her dispossessed lands of

"Vancouver is a ballet town. Winnipeg is a ballet town—you move those cities into Ontario and any good ballet company could prosper," he says. "Those long hops over the Prairies are what murders a company's budget. There aren't enough theatres suitable in this country for ballet performances."

"It's a tough league, all right," agrees Janet Volkoff. "We think the answer is for ballet to be sponsored either by the Government or by a service club like Rotary or the Kiwanis. European companies are almost invariably sponsored or subsidized. A little folding-money encouragement and Canadian ballet could really put a show on the road." ★

East Prussia. The infamous pact signed by Ribbentrop and Molotov in 1939 will be repeated in a new form."

The reason I have recalled these impressions of the summer of 1946 is that they have the merit of being a photograph of Germany in the first stage of abject defeat.

Another reason is that they pointed to the problems that lay ahead, problems that experienced politicians should have been able to foresee and, to some extent, forestall.

Russian Madness

Not very long after my return I spent an evening with Harold Macmillan, one of the Conservative leaders in the House of Commons, who was going to wind up a foreign affairs debate the next day. We both agreed that unless Russia and the Allies could agree to work together, Germany would very soon become the supreme courtesan of Europe, casting her smiles first to the East and then to the West, and following these with frowns when it suited her purpose. In other words, this beaten nation, disgraced before history, would hold the balance of power in Europe within five years. Remembering the shambles of her cities it seemed a physical impossibility, but the relentless march of events would not be held up by the rubble of her ruins.

It was madness of the Russian leaders not to understand this. Russia had two alternatives before her—to try and plunge the world into revolution or to carry the grand alliance of the war into peace. They chose the former. It is difficult to believe that destiny will forgive them.

I don't know whether the German will ever make war again, but he is still the same German of Frederick the Great, Bismarck, the Kaiser and Hitler.

When we went through Germany in 1946 as representatives of the British Parliament we hardly saw the faces of the deputations that came to see us because they bowed so low. "They are either at your throat or at your feet"... That saying is as old as Prussia itself.

Now let us come to the present day. What has happened to Germany in two years and a half? Well, for one thing Britain's expenditure in putting Germany on her feet has reached the formidable total of 500 millions. The American expenditure must be astronomical.

That was the cash cost imposed on us by victory. Irony can surely go no further than when the conqueror is forced to pay reparations to the conquered.

Two things which seemed essential to me in 1946 have happened since. The zonal division of Western Germany was abolished and a new bizonal state

was established with a German form of government. In addition, the Allies created a new currency which gave confidence to the workers and filled the shops with goods.

These were constructive accomplishments, and full tribute should be rendered to the men who labored to bring them about.

And are the Germans grateful?

Let us look at Western Germany today. The scene is a German court set up by the British with Herr Burkert as judge. A senior British official is taking notes.

"I forbid you to take notes," says Herr Burkert. "in a German court."

The Briton has the guts to demand a court of enquiry which, however, exonerates the German judge. Yet only two years ago I watched a solitary English lawyer sentence five men to death in Hamburg, and not one of their lawyers challenged the legality of the proceedings.

Dr. Hermann Weitz, Finance Minister of the Ruhr, has issued a long memorandum complaining of the extravagance and high cost of the British occupation.

When the British Commander-in-Chief, Sir Brian Robertson, issued a peremptory order to the German trade unions to get on with the job of dismantling factories which could be used for armament purposes, the unions replied with great indignation that such orders were undemocratic.

The Ruhr Wrangle

Herr Reuther, the anti-Communist Mayor of Berlin, has just made a public speech demanding that the Allies double their air lift to Berlin. According to the Berlin correspondent of the Daily Express, the Allies had flown 30 million miles when the mayor issued his demands.

In many clubs in the Western Zone where fraternization was adopted the Germans now boycott the British and Americans.

These are small matters, however, compared to the question of the Ruhr. As soon as the war ended, France demanded that the Ruhr should be politically detached from Germany and placed under the direction of an international commission in which the French would have the dominant place. That was what De Gaulle insisted upon and successive French Governments, no matter how much they differed from De Gaulle in other matters, followed his policy in that.

One might argue that France, having surrendered to Germany, was not in a position to state terms, but we must remember that three times in living memory she has been invaded by the Germans. The spectre of the Teuton with his massive armory of the Ruhr haunts the Frenchman in his sleep.

Britain and America recognized the emotional justice of the French claim but they also saw the danger of amputating a province from the German State, a danger which must eventually culminate in a move by a restored Germany to recover her lost territory.

For weary months the struggle with France went on until at last her government agreed. The Ruhr would not be politically detached. Instead its steel and coal products would be supervised by an international directorate, including Germans, and, instead of being a menace to peace, the Ruhr would become the servant of all Europe. Once again Anglo-Americans had won a notable victory of compromise.

Had this been done in 1946, the Germans would have kissed our feet and called us blessed among men. But it was in the last twilight days of 1948 that the long-discussed agreement was

reached and Fritz was in quite another mood.

In fairness we must remember the position of the various German political leaders. A party leader in any country must never allow himself to be less indignant than his supporters. Therefore, the political leaders of Germany felt called upon to criticize the Ruhr settlement very sharply indeed. It was a complete surrender to France, it was an unfortunate return to the spirit of early occupation days, it was an encouragement for Germans to look elsewhere for justice (everyone knew what was meant), and, if German industrial production was to be internationally controlled, what about the industrial production of America, Britain and France?

"Do you recognize that Hitler's war was a crime?" we asked German after German in 1946.

"Yes," they replied, "we lost the war."

Now the Germans do not even recognize the crime of losing the war. The streetwalker is raising the price for her services.

Again we must try and see things through German eyes. American policy has made it perfectly clear that it regards Western Germany and Japan as the two forward bastions against Russian expansionism. It is perhaps small wonder that both the Germans and the Japs are saying to their master: "If we are to die for you as mercenaries, then you must feed us, pamper us and make us powerful. We are no good to you if we are weak and poor. If you don't . . . well, there's always Russia outside our chamber window. Remember how Ribbentrop and Molotov signed a pact in 1939. We don't like the Russians any more now than we did then . . . but a poor unprotected girl must do the best for herself."

It has been the language of the courtesan through the ages. It will never change.

Future of Poland

Therefore, let me venture unweildly into the realm of prophecy. I believe that Russia will have increasing trouble with her European satellites. Tito is in open rebellion, Hungary is seething with discontent, Czechoslovakia is longing for freedom, the hatred of the Poles for the Russians is deep in their hearts.

When the situation becomes impossible Russia may well offer the return of East Prussia to Germany and, as I wrote in 1946, a new partition of Poland. The offer would be on a basis of a Russo-German alliance to dominate the world.

Such a move would not be possible if the Allies keep real control of the Ruhr, and treat Germany as a wrongdoer which can only earn the respect and the rights of a great nation when it has proved itself the servant, and not the betrayer, of civilization.

Let me repeat the words: "We must think hard and think straight." It was for fear of Russia that we let Hitler rise. Will it be fear of Russia that will bring the scourge of Germany on the world again?

Therefore, we should pay no heed when the German squeals, and we should not tolerate his bluster. There are good Germans struggling to learn the A B C of Democracy, but it is small encouragement to them if the old Nazi tricks are seen to be successful again.

Above all we should, while maintaining complete hostility to the godless philosophy of Communism, work to bring Russia into the comity of nations. Otherwise the murdered dead of two World Wars will not sleep. ★

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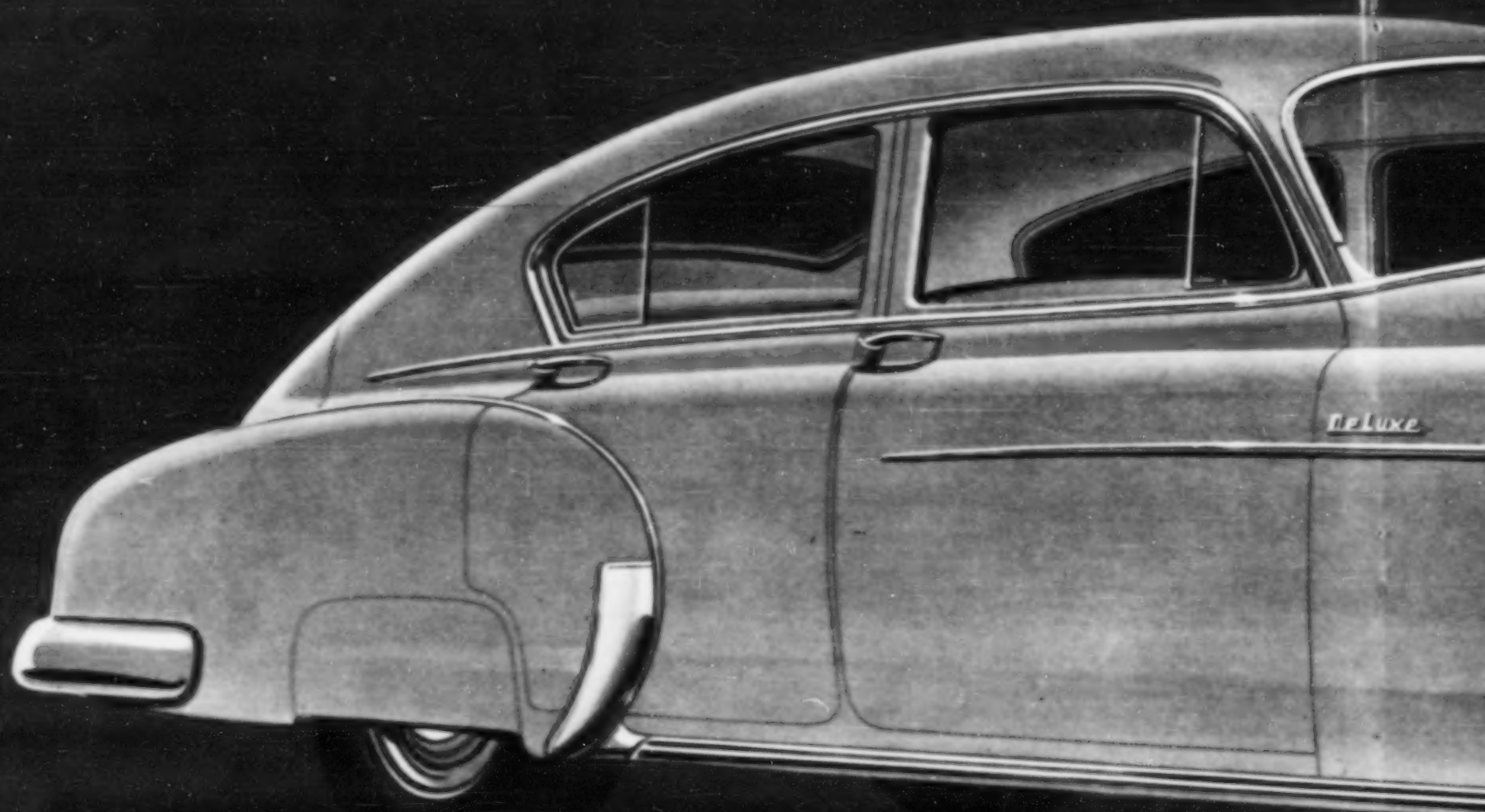
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A Man of Principle

Continued from page 20

smoothly. "No, we didn't. That's right." He looked at Bill. "You sure are getting a break," he said. "Do you know what you'd have to pay off to another landlord or super? Why, they're getting as much as a thousand dollars!"

"Yes," said Anne, bitterly. "And we know why. It's sheer desperation. You don't know what it's like not to have your own place."

"Well," said Joe. "It must be uncomfortable, all right. Of course, it's cheaper, not having to pay rent. You must have saved plenty."

"We saved money," said Bill. He was watching Joe with a puzzled frown. "We saved quite a bit the last few months. Anne was working up to last week."

"We haven't been able to save much," said Joe. He went to the shelf and took off some glasses and got out a bottle of Scotch. "We've been entertaining that landlord a lot. It's been expensive, but it's paid off. Take this apartment we got you, for instance." Joe started pouring drinks.

Bill and Anne looked at each other. Hilda was looking at Joe with a startled, almost angry look.

Bill cleared his throat. "Joe," he said, looking steadily at Joe, "this apartment was tremendously important to me. It was a great thing for me that you picked me. In fact, considering the way the war pulled us apart and the few times we've seen each other, it was very pleasing." Bill laughed and shook his head. "... it was magnificent that you selected us as the lucky ones."

Joe smiled. "That's all right."

"We'd better be going," said Anne. "It's getting late." Bill nodded agreement. Hilda said quickly.

"Oh, no. You're staying for supper."

"You sure are," said Joe quickly.

"We've got plenty. We got a lovely batch of steaks."

"No," said Bill, firmly. "I wouldn't think of it."

"Say," said Joe, staring coldly at Bill. "Say, what is this? Is the apartment all you wanted? I thought we're friends. Now that the apartment's yours, we're not good enough to eat with, huh?"

Bill flushed and Anne stared at Joe. Hilda smiled uneasily. "Joe," she said, "of course they'll stay. They were just being polite. Joe, your humor is as flat as boiled water." She turned to Anne. "You'll stay. Don't mind Joe's punk jokes. He's just trying to be a host."

"Glad to," said Bill, smiling a little, watching Joe's face with a concealed thoughtfulness.

ANNE and Hilda started clearing the table and setting out dishes and cutlery. The phone rang in the bedroom and Joe went in to answer it.

"That might be for me," said Bill anxiously, starting to get up. "I left the work in the office in a kind of mess, what with rushing right down here. I left this number in case of trouble."

"No," said Hilda, waving him back. "It's Joe's mother. She calls every day at exactly this time. See, look at the clock. It's exactly four."

Bill settled back in his chair. Joe spoke in a very low murmur. About all that could be heard, through the clatter of the dishes that the girls were setting out, was an occasional no and sorry. Then Joe came in with a surprised look on his face.

WELL," he said, falling heavily into an easy chair. "would you believe it? That was my boss. He

heard about the apartment because of my big mouth. When will I learn to shut up! I was talking about it in the office last week and sure enough someone carried it to the boss. He offered me a month's vacation with pay if I'd save it for him."

Bill's face grew stiff and Anne's face paled. They looked at Joe miserably. Hilda was startled. Joe pointed to Bill and Anne and laughed.

"Holy smokes, look at them. What are you worrying about? D'ya think I'd let you down? I told him the apartment didn't come through. It's yours, quit worrying."

Bill looked haggard. "Still," he said uncertainly, "I'd feel better if..."

"Look," said Joe scornfully. "Quit worrying, will you? Mr. Vinson told you to send him a cheque tomorrow for two months' rent in advance, didn't he? When he accepts the cheque you've got the place."

Bill's worried look slowly faded and Anne, watching him anxiously, felt better, too. He leaned back in his chair limply and shook his head.

"Oh, come, let's eat," said Hilda. As they continued their interrupted preparations for supper Bill stared thoughtfully at Joe. Then he said softly.

"That was mighty tough for you, losing a month's vacation with pay."

Joe shrugged and looked at his glass. "The boss would have found some way of making it up. I'd just come back to more work."

"It was nice of you, Joe," repeated Bill quietly.

Joe grinned. "Forget it," he said, waving his hand. He got up and went into the bathroom.

Hilda came out of the kitchen, looked at the clock and frowned. She went into the bedroom and picking up the phone, dialed a number. Bill could hear her clearly. She apparently was talking to Joe's mother.

"I was worried when you didn't call," she said. "You always call right at ... you did call! I don't understand. I've been ... Then her voice trailed away, suddenly.

As she came out of the bedroom, with her face set and embarrassed, she cast a swift, frightened glance at Bill but he rigidly had his head bent over a magazine and didn't look at her. Hilda met Joe as he was coming out of the bathroom and she started to say something, faltered and fled to the kitchen.

"Say," yelled Joe after her. "What's eating you?"

Hilda appeared at the doorway, her face pale. "We need some mustard," she said. "Go down for mustard."

"Okay," said Joe. Hilda went into the kitchen.

"Hey, Billy," said Joe commandingly. "Put your coat on. The ladies want mustard and they shall have mustard. Let's go."

Bill was looking at Joe steadily. He didn't get up. "Joe, sit down. I want to talk to you," he said. There was a touch of desperation in his voice.

"Holy smokes," said Joe, amused. "You still worrying? For Pete's sake. I told you it was set. The apartment's yours."

Bill was silent for a moment, looking for a path to follow, for the proper words. He was in a panic of doubt. He was pretty sure of his conclusions, but it was a delicate thing.

"Joe," he said tightly, embarrassedly. "I've been thinking. I'm sure getting away with murder in getting this place. I need it desperately and your friendship for me is not only getting me this place but I don't even have to pay the usual bonus."

"Yep," nodded Joe, looking at the floor. "I guess you're saving plenty."

Continued on page 32

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Continued from page 30

"But you're losing," said Bill, in a monotone. "You're losing a month's vacation and your boss' approval. Joe, if I took this place without showing my appreciation I'd be an ungrateful dog. Joe, I want you to take this."

With quick, nervous motions Bill was taking out his wallet, taking out large bills, twenties and a couple of fifties and holding them out with a pleading look.

Suddenly Joe was on his feet, his face working. "What do you take me for?" he shouted angrily. "Do you think I'd take a bribe from a friend for an apartment? Listen, you, I've got principles. What do you think I am? I can't be bought. I'm no grafter."

Hilda and Anne were at the door, startled, and Bill was on his feet, his face miserable, his lips twitching.

"Put your money away!" said Joe furiously. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I swear, why..." he choked with indignation. "I absolutely swear I'm almost sorry I'm giving you the apartment."

Slowly, with trembling hand, Bill put the money back in his wallet. Anne quickly went to him.

"You don't understand," she said to Joe, trembling. "Wherever we've gone we've had to..."

"I'm no grafter!" said Joe angrily. "Don't you think I've got principles?"

"Sure," said Bill dully. His face was a dark, painful red. "I'm sorry, Joe. Terribly sorry."

"Well, forget it," mumbled Joe. "Let's go get that mustard."

THEY didn't look at each other as they put on their coats and there were tears in Anne's eyes as she tried to act casual about the whole thing. Hilda said nothing, just stonily continued arranging the food on dishes.

Bill and Joe went down the stairs and walked to the delicatessen store on the corner. Bill walked with his face rigid. Joe looked at him and slapped his shoulder. "Ah, I'm sorry, Bill," he muttered. "I was kind of rough. It really isn't your fault. I should have been gracious about it. I suppose it is the accustomed thing these days to pay off for a thing like that," then he hesitated and added, "in one way or another."

Bill didn't say a word. He walked along with his lips pressed closely together in a thin line.

"I'm sorry," said Joe, earnestly. "I shouldn't have blown up. After all, you were just trying to show appreciation. But good Lord, man," Joe groaned, "that just isn't done. Offering a friend money for an apartment. I mean..." Joe shrugged helplessly, "after all..."

He looked at Bill and Bill didn't look back.

SILENTLY the two of them went into the delicatessen and bought the mustard. On the way back, in the middle of the block, Joe stopped before a furniture store and stared into the window.

"See that desk?" said Joe, pointing. "Isn't that a beauty? Some day I'm going to get that desk. When I save up enough."

He looked casually at Bill. Bill stared into the display window at the desk. It was a modern, light mahogany job. It was beautiful. It cost two hundred and twenty-five dollars.

"It's fine," said Bill quietly. Really beautiful.

"I've had my eye on that desk for months," said Joe calmly. "I sure would like to have it."

Slowly Bill looked around and met Joe's eye. For a long moment Bill looked at Joe and then Joe's eyes wavered.

"I see," said Bill.

Suddenly Joe got sore. "What do you mean, you see? What do you see?"

Bill smiled faintly, gravely. "I see it's a beautiful desk," he said.

Joe said sullenly, "Yeah. It's really something."

He turned and they walked back to the apartment.

THE supper was excellent. Thick, rare steak, mashed potatoes, peas. Cold beer. They ate hungrily, but silently. When it was over and the dishes had been washed, they sat around the living room and read or listened to the radio.

After a decent interval Bill got up slowly. "It was a fine meal," he said. "Please accept our thanks."

"Stick around," said Joe. "Why go now? I'm having another gang in tonight. Mr. Vinson will be up, too. Let's make it a celebration. Let's celebrate getting the apartment for you."

"Please stay," said Hilda, worriedly. "We'll all have a good time."

Bill looked at Anne. Anne nodded. "Thanks," said Bill. "We will."

He looked at his watch. "But I've got something I must attend to. Anne, you wait here. I'll be back in half an hour."

Anne said in surprise, "Where are you going?"

"Now, now," said Joe, chuckling. "Don't worry. He's not going to run away from you."

Bill smiled at Anne. "I'll be back in ten or fifteen minutes," he said.

Bill was gone half an hour. When he came back his face was smooth and untroubled. He didn't look at Joe and Joe carefully avoided looking at him.

"Bill," said Anne, "what's going on here? Where were you?"

"I'll tell you later," said Bill. "Let's get ready for the party. What time does it begin?"

"Oh, about eight," said Joe, genially. He was putting crackers on a tray. "There's nothing for you to do. You two just sit down and take it easy."

THE guests started drifting in about seven-thirty. Bill and Anne didn't know any of them. They were all new friends of Joe and Hilda, friends made during the war. Bill waited until Mr. Vinson came up and got him alone in a corner.

"Mr. Vinson," said Bill, "here's a cheque for two months' rent you asked for. As long as I'm here tonight I may as well give it to you instead of sending it in the mail."

Mr. Vinson took the cheque and grinned. "Afraid I'll change my mind?" he said shrewdly.

"I'll feel easier if you take it now."

Mr. Vinson grunted and put the cheque in his pocket. "Now you can stop worrying."

Bill hesitated. "Look here, Mr. Vinson. I wish you'd explain something to me."

"I'll bet I know what it is," said Mr. Vinson. "You want to know the catch. You're wondering why I'm not asking for a bonus. Right?"

Bill nodded.

Mr. Vinson said, "Also, you're wondering why I don't give the place away myself. Well, look, son, not everybody is a crook. When the time comes that everybody is crooked it'll be pretty bad for this country. You would be surprised how many people there are that don't take bribes. I'm making a nice profit on the place right now. I'm an honest businessman. It's as simple as that."

Bill looked at Mr. Vinson. There was a shine in his eyes.

"Thanks," he said simply.

Mr. Vinson looked puzzled. "For what?" he asked. "You're paying for

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the place. Oh, you mean for giving it to you. Well, there are eight apartments in the place. I only needed five of them to take care of my immediate friends. I let Joe talk me out of one of them. You can thank him."

"I'm going to," said Bill. He stood up.

"Everybody quiet," yelled Bill suddenly. "Quiet please. I want to make a speech."

Faces turned and stared at him, puzzled looks, annoyed glances. The babble of voices died away. Joe stared at Bill and Anne looked at him wonderingly.

Bill waited till there wasn't a sound.

"I want to make a public apology to both Mr. Vinson and to Joe," said Bill quietly. "He, I mean Joe, got me an apartment. My wife Anne and I have taken quite a kicking around since I got out of the army. So when Joe offered us this apartment I stupidly tried to show my gratitude by offering him money."

"Hey," said Joe, his smile fading. "Bill, take it easy."

"Don't worry, Joe," said Bill, smiling faintly. "Don't worry about a thing. Joe told me off good. He told me I ought to be ashamed of myself and I am. I should have known better. Joe

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told me he was a man of principle and that he wasn't a grafter. He wouldn't take the money. In fact," Bill laughed, harshly, "he told me what I could do with the money."

There were laughs and approving looks at Joe. There was sweat on Joe's face as he stared at Bill.

Bill continued, "Now, Joe won't take the money and I'm something of a heel for making him even have to say no to me, for implying by my inexcusable behavior that I thought he'd take it. But still, I want to show my gratitude. I want to do something to show how I feel. After all, Joe selected me rather than any one of a number of other friends for this apartment. I'm sure you all agree that I must show my gratitude some way. I finally figured out a way that's not crude." Bill stopped. He looked at Joe. Joe wasn't sweating now. He looked relieved. For a moment he had been scared.

Bill reached into his pocket. "I have in my hand," he said, holding up a slip of paper, "a cheque for the National Infantile Paralysis Fund and the name of the contributor will be Joe Maxwell, your host. And the amount of the cheque," and here Bill looked at Joe—"the amount of the cheque is two hundred and twenty-five dollars. In other words, ladies and gentlemen, I'm giving the money that Joe so nobly refused to a good cause and I'm giving it in his name. I sincerely hope that I have redeemed myself."

There was a moment's silence as Joe's jaw dropped and he looked sick. Then the guests burst into applause and favorable comment.

"Very nice," said Mr. Vinson approvingly. "A very nice gesture."

"Thanks for the apartment, Joe," said Bill, reaching out his hand. Weakly, Joe took it. He gulped and swallowed.

"That's all right," he said, helplessly. "That's all right." ★

The Sound of Yesterday

Continued from page 11

Grandpa was and about him being one of the province's pioneers and a lifelong Liberal and a Moose and a Credit to the Town and then Aunt Tess went over and put the "Oceana Roll" on the player piano.

You should have seen Grandpa. He sat there listening to the music and tapping his foot like the worst kind of fool in the world. Still that wasn't what got under my skin so bad. It was that package of Green Eagle Chewing Tobacco I'd got him for his birthday. I'd spent a whole darned afternoon getting the fool thing wrapped up pretty, and then I never did get to give it to him with Ma and Aunt Tess and everybody milling all around him there in the parlor.

I WENT to bed before anybody else did that night and I laid awake for a long time thinking the saddest, strangest kind of thoughts. I kept wondering it over in my head—where sounds go when there's nobody around to hear them—the sounds of yesterday. I kept wondering if maybe they'd just loaf around till they got lonesome and then ride off on the wind and be lost.

Next morning was Saturday and about noon I woke up hearing Pa out back fooling with the car. Then Ma come in my room and said to hurry and get dressed since we was all taking Grandpa to the movies that afternoon. While I was eating my breakfast Grandpa kind of slunk in the kitchen and sat down all sheepish-looking by the stove. I just wish you could have seen him. He was all dressed up in that old grey suit Uncle Dred had give him, and he had on his black silk tie and his white Sunday shirt and Uncle Dan's old black hat. And stuck on the front of his shirt was the listening box.

"Mornin', Davey," says Grandpa.

Well, sir, I didn't know what to say. It just tore my nerves all up somehow to think of talking into that little box and pretending it was Grandpa. It just didn't seem natural not to be writing things on my scribbler and handing it to Grandpa to read. But directly I got my nerve up.

"Mornin', Grandpa!" I hollered at the little box. "I thought you'n me was goin' catfishin' this mornin'!"

"Aw, shucks, Davey!" says Grandpa. "The children want to show me off in town this afternoon. They're right proud of me bein' the oldest man in the district, and they give me such a nice party last night I sorry hate to let them down! I never knowed how much them kids really thought of me, Davey, till I heard Dred say all them nice things about me!"

He come over and laid his hand on my head.

"You understand how it is, don't you, boy?" he says. "Them suckers ain't in no hurry to get netted! And if it a nice we'll go after church tomorrow."

I SAID, sure, I understood. But that wasn't what I wanted to say. I felt just like howling. I wanted to tell Grandpa how Uncle Dred made fun of him behind his back and so did Ma and Aunt Tess and Uncle Ben. I wanted to just come out plain and tell Grandpa that he couldn't hear the real speeches they made about him—the ones they really meant. The way Ma said all the time that he was a dirty old man because he chewed tobacco and tracked mud in the kitchen when he was working his garden in the spring and how they'd mock him for saying "deaf" instead of "deaf." I just naturally wanted to jump up and yell at



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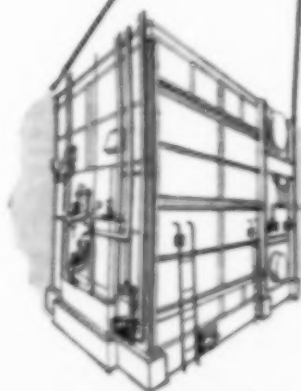
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that little box. Grandpa, you poor sap! You poor sap you, Grandpa! They wouldn't even let you live here if you didn't own this house and this ground!

But I just sat there eating my oatmeal.

And after a bit Ma and Aunt Tess came downstairs all dressed up in their good silk dresses and everybody took Grandpa out to the car and set him up in the back seat and we started down Bison Avenue. When I seen there was a cowboy show at the Capitol I perked up a little and Pap gave me a nickel to go get everybody some popcorn, but Grandpa made me give it back and stuck a quarter in my hand and said he wanted this to be his treat. When I come back with the five bags of popcorn we went inside the show.

"How much?" says Grandpa to Betty Snodgrass in the window. "And you don't need to shout!"

"For five," she says, sniffling, "that'll be a dollar twenty-five."

Grandpa fished out his old squashy snap pocketbook and dug out two one-dollar bills. Then we went inside and Billy Trilly, the usher, stuck out his tongue at me but I just shook my fist at him, not wanting to start no fights and spoil Grandpa's day. When I sat down beside Grandpa the lights went out and the show started. There was a news show first and then a funny picture about some old cats and a hound dog and for a minute there I almost felt good about Grandpa's listening box when I heard him laughing so hard and slapping his knee.

"I'll be durned!" hollered Grandpa. "If that don't beat the Dutch!"

Directly I seen him reach down in his coat pocket and drag out his poke and take a good big chew so I figured maybe there was hope for him yet. Then there was a part where one of them cats goes up in a balloon and the durned hound dog is hanging onto the balloon basket from a piece of rope and hollering bloody murder.

"I'll be durned!" Grandpa squeaked. "They sure got him where it hurts now!"

And he whapped himself on the knee and give me a dig with his elbow like it was so funny he couldn't hardly stand it. And when that fool hound dog lost his grip on the rope and fell and landed in an apple tree I thought Grandpa would slide clean out of his seat.

I sneaked a look around and seen Aunt Tess looking kind of mad at Grandpa and for that matter all the people in the show was looking at him, too. Then I seen that durned Billy Trilly standing back by the door like he was getting ready to come down and tell us to be quiet. But lucky for him he didn't and directly the comic show was over and the main one started.

The music played real loud and directly it showed a lot of cowboys riding along a river shore toward a little town. It was about the old times just after the Riel Rebellion and directly there was the derndest fight you ever seen and then they were drivin' all these here cattle like everything.

In a minute I knowed something was wrong. I felt Grandpa give a little jump and then he had me by the sleeve. With his other hand he was pointing at the show and he was whispering so loud you could hear him all over the Capitol Theatre. Aunt Tess was leaning over and shaking her head and tapping Grandpa on the knee but it didn't do no good.

"Why, that ain't right!" he whispered. "Holy of hell—the shrink—the shrink on them—a leatherin' on both sides an' runnin' them cattle like that! You got to trail 'em slow an' easy!"

"All right, Grandpa!" I whispered

in the listening box and glanced back nervously at Billy Trilly.

"Well, now, it ain't all right!" whispered Grandpa. "These folks got a right to know! That's just what I mean! Did I ever lie to you, Davey boy? Did I?"

"No, Grandpa!" I whispered to the box. "You never did!"

"It don't much matter, Grandpa!" I whispered, patting him on the arm. "And besides—it ain't nothin' but a show! They'll have the manager down here directly if we all don't hush up!"

Then Aunt Tess reached over again and tapped him real hard on the knee and he shut up and didn't say another solitary word during the whole show—just sat there grunting to himself and worrying over his chew and spitting in the little empty poke he'd brought along every now and then. Lucky enough there wasn't no more in the show about the cattle and directly there was a funny part where a fellow falls in a hog pen and Grandpa laughed some more and beat his knee like he was feeling good again.

When the show was over the folks all got up and walked up the aisle with me and Grandpa tagging along behind. That simple Billy Trilly made a face at me again and I had half a mind to pop him one but I never.

"Well," I says, "How did you like the show, Grandpa?"

"First rate!" says Grandpa. "Exceptin' for them runnin' those steers like that. I won't be made out a liar, boy!"

"That funny show about them cats was good though wasn't it, Grandpa?"

"Now then!" hollered Grandpa. "Didn't that just about beat anything you ever seen?"

WE WALKED down Bison Avenue toward where Pap's Model-T was parked in front of Beam's Drugstore.

"That part about the dog!" I says. "When he fell down in the apple tree! Wasn't that the comicallest thing, Grandpa?"

"I'll be dogged!" laughed Grandpa. "If that didn't beat the Dutch!"

I should have knowed what was coming. I should have knowed that sooner or later one of them would let slip some meanness and he'd hear it. I reckon they was just so used to being able to say ornery things around him that they just plumb forgot! He must have had his listening box turned up as loud as she'd go or he wouldn't have heard what Ma said.

"Tess, I've never been so humiliated in my life!" she was saying. "And with that Snyder woman sitting back of us all through it! I was simply mortified!"

"Yes!" hollered Aunt Tess. "I could just have smacked him!"

"Well," said Ma. "I know one thing! If it wasn't for this house and my duty to Mama to make a home for him, I'd have had him put away long ago! He'd be a sight happier in a rest home!"

I was talking real loud now—saying anything that come into my head, praying I could drown them out. But that listening box was a good one. It was a real good one. Grandpa never opened his mouth again all the way home. He sat up real straight and stiff in the back seat with his shoulders thrown back.

I lost track of him for a while that afternoon and then directly I seen he'd put on his old duds again and was down in the garden hoeing. Grandpa stepped carefully among the crisp, young plants so's he wouldn't hurt a single one of them. And sometimes Grandpa would stop and look at his young bean and tomato plants like they was the only children he had raised that would never be cruel to him. Come suppertime he

just tracked mud all over the back porch something awful.

"Papa!" screeched Ma. "How many times must I tell you to wipe your muddy feet?"

"What?" yells Grandpa.

"Where's your hearing aid?" yells Ma.

"Which?" hollered Grandpa.

"HEARING AID!" hollered Ma.

"Lemonade!" yelled Grandpa. "No, thank you! It's too near suppertime." And he stomped off upstairs to wash.

After supper Ma and Aunt Tess and Pap and all of them went to prayer meeting and left me and Grandpa alone on the back porch. It was just getting dark and the fireflies were winking in the shrubs. I studied it over for a while and then I went and got my scribbler. I figured it had been just about long enough since me and Grandpa had ourselves a good old talk. I fetched the little package of Green Eagle Chewing Tobacco and put it on the arm of Grandpa's rocker. Then I stuck some licorice in my mouth and got busy working up some spit while Grandpa unwrapped my birthday present and folded the paper and the string and put them in his shirt pocket.

"Well, now," he says directly. "That's what I call a mighty nice present!"

"Do you like it?" I wrote on my scribbler and watched while Grandpa stuffed a big chew in his cheek.

"Yep!" says Grandpa, working up some juice so's we could get started practicing over the porch railing.

I turned the page and I wrote fast in the fading light: "Better than the listenin' box!"

"Well, now," says Grandpa, after he'd studied that one a while. "Yes and no. That thing is quite a com-

traption, boy! A feller don't git his hands onto one of them things every day in the week!"

I took back my scribbler.

"Got your listenin' box on tonight, Grandpa?" I wrote.

"Nope," he says, scowling down in his rocker and smelling the sweet evening air. "It's up in the back of my clothes press under my overalls. A feller don't want to wear a fancy piece of hardware like that around all the time and git her all scratched up and wore out!"

Then he leaned his head back and shut his eyes and began to tell me the one about Nigger John Ware and the one-eyed mayor of Medicine Hat. I'd heard it before but I didn't mind. Aunt Tess or Ma might but not me. Directly Grandpa quit talking and just sat there with his head back and his eyes shut and a little smile on his face. Well, I took the pencil in my hand and I swear it was shaking so hard I could scarcely write. I was just plumb scared to death his answer would be no. But I got it wrote down finally and tapped him on the arm and held it up for him to see. He opened one eye and stared at the words in the dusk.

"Are you listenin'?" said the words.

"Yep!" said Grandpa.

I give a big sigh of relief. Grandpa had got ahold of himself again. Then I put my hands over my ears and give it another try. I listened as hard as I could—harder than I ever had before—but it wasn't no use. I felt blue and I felt cheated. All I could hear was a durned rain crow down in Smitherman's grove and the green frogs skrekking in the sloughs. While Grandpa—he was listening to the sounds of his first roundup—on a night a thousand years ago. ★

Pension Poverty

Continued from page 19

\$100 millions in cash, of which the Federal Government will pay \$68 millions and the provinces the balance. The addition of Newfoundland to the Canadian union will boost this figure, but Ottawa as yet has no accurate estimate of the amount. Newfoundland today pays \$6 a month to single persons and \$10 a month to a married couple.

For those Canadians who depend upon the pension for their living the monthly cheque is never enough. A simple accident to the cheque-mailing machinery in the Ontario Government pension office provided the clearest illustration of how near to destitution are the pensioners. When the machine broke down 1,500 cheques were exactly two days late in being mailed and were delivered on the third day. But on the second day more than 1,000 letters of complaint were in the office of the Pensions Commission. That meant that on the exact day the cheques were due in the homes (and were missing) more than 1,000 of the 1,500 pensioners sat down and wrote a protest.

By Federal statute and by agreements with the provinces the basic pension in Canada is \$30 a month to persons without resources who are 70 and over. The Federal Government pays \$22.50 and the provinces pay the balance, \$7.50. Five provinces add cost-of-living bonuses varying from \$1 to \$10.

There is meanness as well as generosity in the handling of pension funds. Although the Government will permit a man or woman to have \$2,000 in cash and still receive the basic pension, one seamstress has \$2.18 deducted each month from her \$30 total. In her means test she admitted she had an endow-

ment which brought her \$26 per year and the Ontario Government therefore pays her only \$27.82 per month. She manages to earn about \$5 a week sewing.

In a rich suburban area of Ottawa a woman of 72 who lives in comparative luxury provided by her high-salaried son receives a pension of \$26 a month. She lives in a prosperous home and has a maid to attend to her needs. She uses her \$26 to pay her church dues, for occasional taxi rides to bridge parties and for other "necessities" in her comfortable life.

Why does she receive a pension at all? Because any Canadian citizen at the age of 70 without resources is entitled to the pension. Why does she receive the sum of \$26? Because her total allowable income is \$50 a month and because she pays her son \$24 a month for her board and room. Thus the Government considers she has an income of \$24 a month and generously gives her \$26, the difference between what she "pays" for her board and the \$50 allowed. The son is not permitted to ask for a dependent's exemption for his mother in paying his income tax because he is, in theory at least, receiving money from the Federal Treasury—the \$24 board money.

Better Off on Land

It is in the big cities, where living costs are highest, that pensioners suffer the most. In a squalid tenement a little woman of 76 nearly died of starvation and acute nervous anxiety because her pension cheque was late. She went almost without hot food and hot drinks for three days, frantically begging and pleading from office to office for her cheque.

Her rent was past due, her gas bill was due, she had not even a spoonful

**"well
he's right
again..."**



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of tea in her shabby room and each day she had to beg carfare from her landlady to reach the pension offices.

At the end of the third day, when she was near physical collapse, an official cut some red tape and gave her a cheque for \$3.50 to carry her until her missing pension was located.

Pensioners who live in country districts are more comfortably fixed than those who live in the cities. Near the village of Manotick, 25 miles from Ottawa, there is an old couple who live on their own few acres of land. Between them they receive a total pension of \$51.50 a month and, because they are still active, this allows them to live in modest comfort.

They have a tiny, three-room house with a dugout basement where they store the vegetables they grow in the summertime. Wood stoves in the three rooms provide heat, and the old man, although 75, is still able to chop some wood.

Shy and taciturn, this couple fears one thing in life—"old age," when they will be unable to work about the garden or the house, and will be forced into the city and possibly an old folks' "home."

Pension authorities claim that at least half of Canada's 250,000 pensioners live on farms or in rural districts, and that most of these live with relatives; and that these combined circumstances allow them a life of some comfort.

They also assert that a quarter of all pensioners live in cities with relatives, and have some ease and comfort.

Unfortunately these claims cannot be supported or disputed without exhaustive research in every province.

Everywhere in Canada there are old folks' "homes" and, although they are crowded to capacity, there is surprising resistance to, and even hatred for, these institutions. The "homes" are supported by public and private charities (many are operated by churches) and in most the pensioner pays \$25 of his \$30 pension for food and bed.

A characteristic fairly common to them is that they separate man and wife, each to sleep in separate dormitories.

The institutions are disliked because of the discipline imposed: meals at given hours, lights out, and so on, and the general feeling of being herded and pushed.

In a Toronto tenement, which smells of age, of generations of people, of dead air and leaking gas, dirt and rancid food, live Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Harding. Their "home" is No. 24, a one-room "apartment," measuring perhaps 14 feet by 12, containing an ancient double bed with flat springs, and a two-burner gas range. It is cluttered with shabby furniture. The walls may once have been cream-colored but now they are a sickening dirty brown with great streaks of black. There is no bath, no toilet, no closet space, no refrigeration, no running water.

Alfred Harding is an ex-teamster who lived comfortably enough before trucks forced most dry horses off Toronto's streets. At 72 he receives the \$30-a-month basic pension. The Ontario Government does not see fit to give Harding any supplementary allowance because his wife has \$300 in the bank and is still of working age and in fair health. She is 59.

The \$300 nest egg is disappearing quickly because Mrs. Harding's savings buy much of their food. They pay \$14 a month for rent and \$2-plus for gas, leaving a balance of less than \$14 for all their requirements. They have no children and get no help from relatives abroad.

"We're not starving, you know,"

said Mrs. Harding, a frail woman standing not more than five feet in height and weighing perhaps 100 pounds. "We have fresh milk and bread, and on Sunday we have stewing beef." They have had no roast meat in more than a year.

"When I worked we used to live good," said Harding, a thin gaunt man with a talkative, querulous interest in the world that is passing him by.

"I'll be back at work when the money's gone," Mrs. Harding said, smiling fondly at Alfred. "That's what worries me," she added, "leaving Alfred at home alone. He's got a bad heart."

Harding collapsed in the street last summer and spent five weeks in a hospital ward. That illness depleted Mrs. Harding's savings by the staggering sum of \$185. One of the sorry anomalies of the Old-Age Pensions Act is that, although a pensioner is entitled to free medicine and free hospitalization (with limitations), in this particular case his wife's surplus cash was regarded as joint income and therefore expendable. If she had been on the pension she would not have had to spend her cash.

"How long will your money last?" "Less than a year," she replied, "and less than that if either of us gets sick." Both looked frail and grey.

She Can Still Scrub

The Hardings are London-born (ten of thousands of Canada's pensioners are foreign-born) and came to this country as youngsters, he at 14, she a little older. Thus they both qualify easily for the pension which requires a 20-year residence in Canada.

Mrs. Harding must work 11 more years before she is eligible and her only training is as a domestic. Until she is 70 she faces the dreary prospect of being a day laborer, scrubbing floors or doing other menial tasks.

How much a pensioner is paid is determined by his means and where he lives. If a person is living with a relative he does not actually have to take an oath that he is paying cash for board and lodgings. The Government investigators will arbitrarily determine that board and lodgings amount to so many dollars of income. And a pension may then be paid above that.

Surprising is the fact that a man may have as much as \$2,000 in cash in the bank, or the equivalent in property, and still receive the full basic pension.

For people of 70 who have cash in the bank and who apply for a pension, it works this way: the Government arbitrarily assumes that the cash or property will be converted into Dominion Government annuities. For example, if a man of 70 had \$1,000 in cash and converted it to an annuity he would receive \$102.35 from his annuity. He would be entitled to his full pension because the \$102.35 plus pension would still be less than \$600 a year. If he had \$2,000 and invested it in an annuity he would receive \$204.70 and still be eligible. If he had \$3,000 he would receive \$307.05 from his annuity. The pension he could receive would be the difference between that and \$600 a year, or \$292.95, amounting to about \$24.40 a month.

How much a person receives of the basic pension is measured by the results of the "means test." This is simply a thorough investigation to find out the private income or resources of the individual pensioner. The investigation enquires into every minute detail of a person's life—how much he has earned in the past; how much he has saved, if any; how much property he owns, if any; how much it costs him to eat and sleep; how much he can

earn at part-time jobs; how much he receives in gifts.

A vital part of the legislation is that which states how much "extra" income a man may have. By Federal law he is paid up to \$30 a month or \$360 a year, but he may receive a total of \$50 a month or \$600 a year, including the pension. That is, he is permitted to have an extra allowance of up to \$20 a month or \$240 a year. If a man of 70 has an income of more than \$600 a year from his own resources or otherwise he receives no Government pension.

The province where a pensioner lives is also a factor in his pension rate. Five of the provinces pay bonuses to help meet the inflated cost of living.

British Columbia pays the basic pension of \$30 plus \$10. Alberta pays \$30 plus a bonus of \$7, and Saskatchewan pays \$30 plus \$5.

Ontario pays a bonus of from \$1 to \$10 to "needy" cases and, although the province will not publish the number of persons receiving the bonus, it is estimated in Ottawa that 16% of Ontario's 80,000 pensioners receive an extra allowance.

East of Ontario only Nova Scotia has a bonus plan, and it is up to \$5 per person. In none of the provinces is the pensioner allowed to have more than \$600 a year, including bonus.

Obviously it would be pleasant if a pensioner in an eastern province could move to the warmer climate of British Columbia and receive a higher pension. He is free to move, but he would not receive the bigger amount. This is because the provinces pay all the bonus costs without Federal assistance and B. C. will not pay an extra \$10 to every old person who decides he would like to live out there.

How do Canada's present pensions compare with other nations? On the whole, favorably. No comparison is really valid unless an exhaustive study is made of various clauses in the pension statutes, but, in many respects, Canada's laws are more generous than others.

The average old-age assistance paid in the U. S. in 1948 was \$39.37 compared with \$29.30 in Canada, but in the U. S. the state governments contribute a higher share than do Canada's provincial governments.

Great Britain pays \$22.75 per month for single pensioners and \$36.83 for married pensioners. New Zealand pays a graduated scale not to exceed \$39.39 per person per month. Australia pays a scale not to exceed about \$30.

Vote-Seekers Raise Ante

Why doesn't Canada give her poor old people more money? Why not \$75 or \$100 a month or enough to lift them out of the slums into some decent standard of living? This year, when they are anticipating a general election, all three major political parties in Canada are emphasizing social security measures, including their solutions to the problem of the aged.

The Progressive Conservatives offer a \$40 pension at 65 years without a means test. If Canada had started paying this on June 1, 1948, the cost in the ensuing 12 months would total \$461,136,000 on the basis of 960,700 citizens 65 years of age and over, compared to the \$100 millions now being paid.

The CCF offers \$50 a month at 60 years. In 1948 this would have cost \$987,129,000, on the basis of there being 1,445,200 persons 60 and over.

How would working Canadians pay these huge expenditures? By increasing our personal income taxes? Supposing the Government arbitrarily declared a 10% surtax on your income tax this year (to pay higher pensions), it would



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Every year, from over 100 countries, trade buyers gather at the British Industries Fair. The Chamber of Commerce in Birmingham, and manufacturers from every part of Britain, join with the Government of the United Kingdom to welcome them.

At BIF 1949, from 2-13 May, three thousand exhibitors will display the latest developments in thirty groups of allied trades. The leading men of international commerce are invited to attend the world's greatest assembly of national products.

2-13 MAY 1949

TRADE BUYERS—PLAN YOUR VISIT NOW

Information about exhibitors, special displays and facilities at the Fair can be obtained from the United Kingdom Trade Commissioner at Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver or Winnipeg; or from the Imperial Trade Correspondent at St. John's or Halifax.



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At "sugaring time" or any time when temperatures are low, dependable spark plugs are essential to the efficient performance of cars, buses, trucks, tractors, and stationary engines which are such a vital part of rural or urban life. Dependable spark plugs make dependable engines, so dependable CHAMPIONS are naturally Canada's favorite. In fact, Champions are the favorite spark plugs of most users throughout the world, proof positive that they represent the ultimate in quality, value, performance and dependability.



FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

DEMAND NEW DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS
FOR YOUR CAR

still only net the relatively small sum of \$67.5 millions. This figure is based on the collections made in the abundant year 1946. How are we to raise the \$400 millions the PC's offer right away, or the \$800 millions the CCF offers?

The Liberal Party first introduced old-age pensions back in 1927 (\$20 a month) and has been responsible for all the major increases since then.

The Minister of National Welfare, Paul Martin, says contributory old-age insurance is the Liberal Party's "early objective."

Already the number of old-age pensioners is soaring in Canada, more particularly since the end of the war. Since March 31, 1945, the number of pensioners has increased from 187,500 to 250,000, or 62,500 new names on

the pay lists. Why? Two reasons: first, many old folk worked during the war or received assigned pay from sons or daughters and did not need the pension. Second, since early in 1947 many thousands more old people have been made eligible for a pension because of amendments to the Act.

While political leaders offer their solutions to the increasingly serious problem, most of the professional economists on Government payrolls shake their heads in doubt. The big problem, they say, is this: What social security can you legislate for today and still pay for 20 or 25 years from now?

The squeeze hits the man who is somewhere in the middle years—he must provide for the education of the young and the care of the old. ★

He Suits Millions

Continued from page 23

buyer and a representative of a mill at a point when the latter had agreed to sell a particular cloth at sixpence a yard less than the asking price. Dunkelman joined in on the bargaining, knocked the price down another threepence. Then, with the price finally agreed on, he instructed the mill representative to add the ninepence back on again. "I want you to put another ninepence worth of quality into the cloth," he said.

The methods of the company mirror Dunkelman's own personality. Behind the ultramodern plate-glass and neon fronts of Tip Top's store and behind its modern factory methods lurks a business credo that is as old-fashioned as peg-top pants. Dunkelman seemingly believes in those trite mottoes which once gathered dust in almost every shop window—such as "Service with a smile," and "We aim to please."

He is old-fashioned enough to wear boots and to call a pair of slacks "an odd pair of pants." Yet, on his initiative, Tip Top has pioneered many an innovation. His was the first firm on the continent to make mannish-tailored suits for women. Dunkelman got the idea when his three daughters talked him into making suits for them like their brothers wore.

He never misses a bet to uncover any new twists of the trade. Morgan Eastman, Toronto advertising executive whose firm handles the Tip Top account, tells how Dunkelman admired a new suit he wore one day to a conference. Dunkelman asked to borrow it for a day or two. Eastman sent him the suit, and it was returned a week later in perfect condition. Next time the two met, Eastman asked Dunkelman what he had done with the suit.

"I had my designers rip it to pieces to see how it was put together," replied Dunkelman.

Wealthy Dave Dunkelman has changed little since he hustled about Toronto wholesale houses buying up odds and ends of cloth at bargain prices. He has no expensive hobbies. He used to ride horseback a good deal, but arthritis forced him to give that up.

His three interests are his business ("I'd drop dead without it"), his family (three sons and two daughters—a third daughter died in 1947) and Zionism. These, too, are the chief interests of the whole Dunkelman family.

Dunkelman owns one car, a Cadillac, has a chauffeur, who is also the family handy man, but often as not he drives himself while the chauffeur sits beside him.

He smokes two cigars a day, always after dinner, doesn't touch cigarettes, takes a drink to be sociable. Sometimes he and the chauffeur knock over a beer together in the kitchen.

He dresses well, but is no fashion plate. He has about a dozen suits in his wardrobe, wears a different one every two or three days. "They last longer that way," he says. They are conservative in cut and material ("I don't like anything spectacular") and he is partial to double-breasted styles.

He wears Leishman suits (his "Packard" model), not Tip Top. When he orders a suit it goes through the plant under a fictitious name. "If they knew it was for me they might start putting in a lot of extra and unnecessary stitches and slow down production," he says.

On the job he observes all the copy-book maxims of the conventionally successful businessman. He calls long-time employees by their first names, seldom forgets to ask after their families. To his executives and men who were with him in the early days—and used to call him Dave—he is "D. D." His eight grandchildren just call him Boggie.

He likes to promote his executives from within the organization (there have been a few notable exceptions) and he has put many a veteran employee on an unofficial pension. The company has no pension plan.

Dunkelman's plant has been unionized for 30 years, has never been hit by a strike or a lockout. Isaac Calmus, secretary-treasurer, Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union (CIO-CCL), says the union's relations with Dunkelman have been and still are excellent.

Fast on Buttonholes

Dunkelman was born in Makov, Poland, on July 4, 1880, the son of Eli and Leah Dunkelman, the eldest of their four children. When David was three, Eli Dunkelman emigrated to New York, moved on to Toronto 14 years later.

In Toronto Eli Dunkelman opened a small buttonhole factory with rented machinery. Young David was his assistant. The Dunkelmans worked on contract for other tailors and David, with horse and wagon, would call on them to pick up garments for buttonholing. He never became a full-fledged practical tailor, today jokes that he started Tip Top on less than a shoelace. "On a buttonhole," he says.

The Dunkelmans lived comfortably off their buttonhole business, the success of which depended largely on the nimble needlework of young Dave.

A girl of eight or nine, named Rose Miller, used to press her nose up against the shop window and watch father

Continued on page 41

Here they come —

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They're here! They're new! They're Futuramic! The sparkling new Oldsmobiles . . . rolling forward into '49. They bring you the "New Thrill" in motoring. There's a "new thrill" in eye-appeal, from the bold, eager-for-action look of Oldsmobile's graceful, blending lines. There's a "new thrill" in performance, too, thanks to Oldsmobile's great new power plants: a new, improved, "Big Six"; and the revolutionary "Rocket" Engine in

the Futuramic "Eight." The completely new, high-compression, valve-in-head Rocket actually gives you more power on less gasoline! With famous Hydra-Matic Drive, Oldsmobile's performance is so smooth, silent and spirited, you've got to try it to believe it! Your Oldsmobile dealer invites you to inspect the new Futuramics . . . experience the "new thrill" yourself!

White sidewall tires optional at extra cost. Hydra-Matic drive standard equipment on the "Eight", optional at extra cost on the "Six".

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'NATURE IN BALANCE' IS *Nature Unspoiled*

TREES PREVENT FLOODS. Your forests are natural dams that make water walk instead of run down hills and mountains; they help keep streams, lakes and wells at a constant level.

Where too many trees have been cut, melted snow and spring rains rush downhill in mad torrents that carry everything with them, including the thin skin of topsoil the world depends on. Rampaging floods, soil erosion, and deserts of useless sand—with their stark skeletons of deserted farms—are the crop we reap following the destruction of trees.

Trees are one of the greatest factors in the balance of nature. Protect them as you would your country—they are your country. Remember, nature in balance is nature unspoiled.

CARLING'S
THE CARLING BREWERIES LIMITED
WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Nature Unspoiled — YOURS TO ENJOY — YOURS TO PROTECT

Continued from page 38

and son at work. Today Rose, who has been married to Dave Dunkelman for 39 years, recalls, "He was the fastest buttonhole maker I ever saw. He could make three to his father's one." Faster still are the machines in Tip Top's plant which punch and sew a buttonhole in a few seconds.

By the time he was 30, Dave Dunkelman had scraped up \$1,500 and a desire to go into business in a bigger way. He bought the Berger Tailoring Company, a small firm which did contract work for the larger houses and also sold suits wholesale. This firm, with fewer than 20 employees, was to become the nucleus of Tip Top Tailors which now employs 1,750 persons.

After an unsuccessful sales trip, Dunkelman decided the answer was to sell directly to the public. Within three months after buying out Berger he rented a small shop (the frontage was only 11 feet) on Toronto's Yonge Street, advertised for a name. A Toronto newspaperman submitted Tip Top, was paid \$25.

His opening newspaper ads announced his \$14 one-price policy in big type. Competitors were sceptical. Some thought the \$14 suit was a loss leader, a giveaway to lure the gullible inside where, undoubtedly, they would be sold a higher-priced suit. Others thought that extra charges, for lining or even for cuffs, might be tacked on. The public was less sceptical. On opening day Dunkelman sold 20 suits for cash, \$280. "I was a rich man," he says now.

Today, right next door to the original store, is a two-story Tip Top shop with a plate-glass front five times the width of the original. Its annual turnover is close to a million dollars, though it competes with six other Dunkelman stores in Toronto.

His one-price policy was an immediate click. Within six months he opened his second store, in Hamilton, and within five years was doing a \$250,000 business. In 1914 he moved the factory from crowded quarters on Toronto's Adelaide Street into a larger building on Richmond Street. By 1915 he began making trips to England to buy his material. And in the following year his sales reached \$500,000. English firms began turning out materials specially for him.

In 1928 Dunkelman felt Tip Top was about to pop the buttons on its Richmond Street plant; sales had shot up to \$5 millions a year. He built a new million-dollar plant on Toronto's waterfront, at the entrance to the exhibition grounds, and had barely moved into it when the depression struck. For the

first time, Tip Top's growth was stunted. They lost money one year; the union pitched in and helped them keep going.

Before the outbreak of World War II, Tip Top was back in its stride, and it prospered during the war. In 1944 profits were just short of a million before taxes.

Rose Miller Dunkelman, daughter of a barber-coat manufacturer, has sewn many a stitch in time that has saved Dunkelman nine. In the early days she kept his books, when their first child, Joe, was born she brought him to the store with her. Even now, though bedridden with a bad heart, she helps Dunkelman compose his most important business letters.

Cooking is her hobby. She has a library of more than 100 cookbooks. But the great passion of Rose Dunkelman's life is Zionism. "I've given my life to it," she says. "That's what I would like to be remembered for." Canadian Zionists hope to have a new building in Palestine named after her. She has been one of their most consistent and effective champions.

Ben, the second oldest of the Dunkelman children (he's 35), is the apple of his father's and mother's eye because of his remarkable record in World War II and, since last summer, as commander of the Seventh Brigade, one of the crack outfits in the Israeli Army.

In 1940 Ben enlisted in the Queen's Own Rifles, a Toronto regiment, as a private; he ended the war as a major with the D.S.O.

When the State of Israel was proclaimed and fighting broke out, Ben, who spent three years in Palestine as a young man, felt compelled to return. In Palestine, where he is known as Ben David (son of David), he is credited with several Israeli victories; he personally accepted the Arab surrender of Nazareth.

Ben David has married a Palestinian girl, Yael Lifshitz, and will probably make his home there.

Oldest son Joe Dunkelman (36) is his father's assistant, a hobbyist of the first order. An early flying enthusiast (he's still a crack pilot), he persuaded his father in 1931 to stage a \$5,000 500-mile air race across Western Ontario.

After the war Joe converted a Canadian Navy Fairmile into a luxury yacht, sailed his parents to Florida. When he sold the yacht (the repairs bill was too tough) he switched his tinkering to radio, television and electronics. With the help of a friend he built his own television set, and his home, a Toronto show place, can be spotted a mile away by the television tower he has erected.

The Dunkelman daughters, Zelda and Ronnie, are married to Americans and live in the United States, but they still send home newspaper and magazine clippings on the latest styles and trade developments. Zelda's husband is Morton Wilner, a Washington, D.C., lawyer; Ronnie is married to Walter Annenberg, owner of a vast publishing business that includes the Philadelphia Inquirer.

A third daughter, Theodora, died in 1947.

Today, as Dunkelman watches and worries over his coast-to-coast empire, and as people continue to buy more two-piece than one-piece suits, his principal problem seems to be finding store space to open more Tip Top and Dorchester shops. Which really boils down to wondering where his next million customers are coming from.

Not bad for a man who started out with a buttonhole. He's done even better than the guy who took a hole and made a doughnut out of it. ★



Stop Worrying...Start Living!

Freedom From Money Worries Starts With A Plan



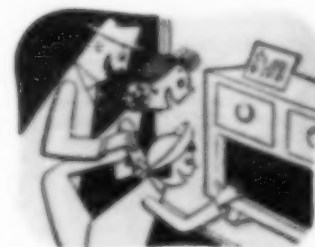
According to Dale Carnegie*, money planning is necessary if you want to stop worrying and start living.

Worry-free money management requires three things: living within one's income, getting the greatest satisfaction out of it, providing for security in later years.

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Pinch-penny budgets are as antiquated as Grandpa's horse and buggy. The new concept—The Plan—requires a minimum of bookkeeping. You don't write down every nickel spent. And there's no futile effort to "keep up with the Joneses."

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Address _____

City _____ Province _____

*Dale Carnegie—How to Stop Worrying And Start Living. Simon Schuster, 1948.



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Established 1911

I Quit!

Continued from page 15

really baffled me was this new attitude toward wine.

I guess that's one place where my case isn't typical at all; or at least not typically Canadian. I loved wine; not only the taste and effect but the idea of it as well. It was what you drank with food so as to bring out the flavor of rich meat and fresh vegetables, and it was all tied up in my mind with small French inns on long straight dusty roads, where you walked in out of the sun and sat resting with a bottle of it in front of you and a wonderful smell of cooking in your nostrils. It was part of my youth, and I was sentimental about it accordingly; and up to then it had also been a mighty satisfying part of my middle age.

I kept on feeling vaguely tired of drinking until after a while it got on I'd go a week at a time without opening the cupboard where I kept my three-bottle cellar. And then one afternoon I headed for a cocktail party I would have liked to cheer clear of and couldn't have been more than a few miles away without being too rude, and on the way the feeling wore off. I don't know why, unless it was the attractive prospect of free drinks, but it did. As I got near the house where the party was, I found myself hurrying; and it seems to me, now I look back, that I actually licked my lips.

I know for sure I licked them the following morning, because they and the rest of my mouth felt like the entrance to an abandoned sulphur mine, or possibly a heap of dead leaves which had been trampled flat by a hyena. That cocktail party turned out to be one of the occasions when I didn't quit while I was ahead; and in the course of the evening I built up to the outstanding party of my life. I wasn't hooting drunk, I didn't stagger or drop the plate of sandwiches I carried politely around with me at a certain point. I only glowed.

The trouble was I glowed too warmly. I would tell somebody it was a nice day for the time of year and to my overheated ears it sounded like the kind of wise and humorous remark Confucius might have made. Everything everyone else said sounded good, too—until a large woman with little dull eyes backed me into a corner, where I couldn't get away, and talked. And talked . . .

Moren in a Mirror

Half an hour later she stopped, briefly, to clear her throat, and I escaped. As I fled I caught a glimpse of myself in a mirror across the room and the sight finished what the combined effect of the large woman and the gradual wearing-off of the drinks had begun.

My face was pretty well flushed anyway, with one thing and another, and in the bluish glass it was three shades of purple—livid, more livid, and downright ghastly. Even allowing for the macabre color scheme and a slight difficulty in focusing, I was shocked. Was this loose-lipped moren in the mirror the brilliant guy who'd been saving such memorable things? Was this the charming talented fellow everyone was so fond of?

In a pig's eye it was. It was just me, with too many cocktails under my belt, and all of a sudden I wasn't having any fun. Instead of being a roomful of gay and amusing people, and me the gayest and most amusing of them all, my fellow guests and I now struck me as a whole lot more like a bunch of parrots who had somehow

got trapped in an open grave that was slowly filling with rain.

The boredom with drink I'd noticed growing on me for weeks past came to a head, and there was nothing vague about it any more. I knew now what I wanted to do, and staring at the oddish purple face in the mirror I made up my mind. As of that moment I was on the wagon and I would stay there for keeps. The way things have worked out, it was the best decision I ever made.

I knew I'd still have to go to a cocktail party now and then from mere politeness, just as I'd turned up at this one. I could always ask for a ginger ale or a Coke, though; and I figured my friends would get used to my soft drinking after a while and quit kidding me—and they did. I hoped it wouldn't make me feel empty to keep sober while they were knocking the stuff back—and it doesn't.

Drank an Overcoat

The only real snag I foresaw was that maybe being dry would begin to bore me after a while as much as drinking had bored me already. I suspected that life without dinner wine and nightcaps and mildly stimulating visits to the local pub might prove a trifle flat. I was wrong. I got a bigger bang out of life than ever.

It isn't because my health has improved, either. I feel fine, but I felt fine in the old days too. I ate well and slept soundly and I put a good deal of it down to the waxy-diminishing qualities of a small daily dollop of drink. However I still sleep like a chloroformed dormouse and eat like a famished wolf and my worries are still the same size, so I guess the dollop didn't actually make much difference.

Last night I got to wondering just why I was having such a good time as a teetotaler and wrote down a list of all the reasons I could think of that might explain it. The first item was the amount of money I've saved through not drinking in the six months since I laid off. I calculated by figuring what I spent on beer and wine and whisky and such in the six months immediately before that, and the total shook me to the teeth.

During the winter of my last wet year I had drunk four tons of the best quality furnace coal, 50 fine juicy beef-steaks, 15 dozen strictly fresh eggs, four really good shirts and a nice warm overcoat. At a less selfish level, the cost of bathing my tonsils would have looked after a poor sick kid in a children's hospital for three weeks and a few days over. As a matter of straight dollars and cents, the semester's drinking had set me back \$250—about six times as much as I expected it to be when I started doing my retroactive bookkeeping, and exactly 250 times more than I had any business spending out of a lower-middle-bracket income like mine.

To get the six-month total I naturally had to begin with separate items for each class of drink (beer, wine or spirits); and that meant breaking the thing down into further items according to whether I was figuring what I drank at home or in the pub. If you've never done that with your own booze budget, assuming you have one, here's how the breakdown looked:

Beer:			
Home—24 pints every 3 weeks			\$37.50
Pub—3 bottles twice a week			39.00
Wine:			
Home—a bottle every 4 days			27.50
Pub—None			

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"I cashed the bottles for 'free' beer.

Two hundred and fifty bucks would be small change to a millionaire, but to me it's big money. I have to work at least three weeks to make that much, and when I thought about that I remembered it wasn't only money I spent on drinking. There was also time.

As well as the three weeks out of every six months it took me to make enough to pay my drink bill, when I might as well have been working for the brewers and wine growers and distillers instead of for myself, 16 eight-hour days during the same period were devoted to sitting around in bars or pubs. In effect, that is. In actual fact the sitting used up 128 hours, spaced out in ones and twos mostly at night, or in the late afternoon if my work was done.

Still, what I earn depends a great deal upon how long I'm willing to keep on the job. So if I'd added one of those pub and bar hours to every day except Saturday and Sunday (there were enough to do it throughout the whole six months, too), and worked that much extra, I could have made myself \$165 more than I did. Thus the real cost of my six months' social drinking might fairly be said to be \$415.

Newspapers for Two

It could be jumped another \$50 to \$465, because I haven't so far taken into account the liquor bill on the special and unspecial occasions when I got tight. And there were practically always other expenses, on those rare things, which I wouldn't have let myself in for if I hadn't been high. Taxis, when a streetcar would have done just as well; whacking great tips dished out because I felt like a big shot and wanted to be taken for one—things of that sort. Not to mention long-distance phone calls to people I barely knew and didn't need to talk to, once I remember, I called an almost total stranger in Hollywood, and the bill was only a few cents short of \$25.

The next item on my list of dry benefits was leisure. The 128 hours, distributed over six months, meant I could lie in bed for an extra hour five mornings a week and, in effect, not rob myself of any working time. Or I could get up at the usual time and save my hour for the end of the day, when I could knock off an hour earlier and read, or listen to the radio, or talk to my wife, or simply sprawl in my favorite chair and do nothing whatever. And since these last are things I much prefer to staying late in bed of a morning, that's how I actually do spend most of my bonus time—but not all of it.

I can't afford to miss out entirely on the \$165 I said could be added to the real cost of drinking, and two or three days a week I work during the saved time, instead of reading or listening to the radio or talking. The result is that I earn about \$75 a month more than I'd have made in the old days. I get to keep it myself, too. It doesn't siphon off into the cash register at the pub or the liquor store. It goes for the third item on my list—the small luxuries.

We now take two copies of the morning paper. It costs 50c a week instead of 25c., is underwritten by a

single bottle of the beer I don't drink at the pub I don't go to, and lets my wife and me bury our noses in the news simultaneously at breakfast. There are no more waits while one of us finishes a section the other wants to read. If you don't think that's a luxury, try it some morning and you'll see.

Another small and luxurious new thing is that I can now shave with each edge of a razor only once, whereas before I had to make it do for three shaves and sometimes four. The difference in cost is about 50c (two bottles of beer a week, with the type of blades I use). The difference in comfort is enough to rate as a real pleasure. Especially now that I'm buying a superlative kind of shaving cream more than twice as expensive as the perfectly good brand I bought in the wet era, and using the wonderful stuff in huge blobs that produce a lather like very rich whipped-cream.

I Can Think, Now

My wife is in on the midget luxuries too, of course. Two old-fashioned I don't order, plus the tip I don't give the waiter who doesn't bring them, will get her a pair of nylons. If she tires of the color of a lipstick when it's only half finished, she can throw it away without feeling unduly extravagant. She can buy new hats on sheer impulse now and again, and gadgets she knows aren't worth a \$3 bill but which fascinate her to pieces.

And the result of these and a lot of other little things is that my wife has more fun, and laughs more, and isn't so budget-stricken. I'm glad for two reasons: it's more pleasant for her; I get a solid dividend myself.

The intellectual side is flourishing also. We now take every issue of nine magazines every month, for example, and consequently have more things to talk about and are getting pretty sharp about current affairs and such. I find I'm reading twice as many books as before, and concentrating better on them and remembering more of what I read.

In the dinner-wine-and-nightcap period I used quite often to feel so genial I couldn't be bothered going back over something I hadn't understood the first time I read it, or I'd lose interest altogether if the going got tough and start looking at something that had pictures.

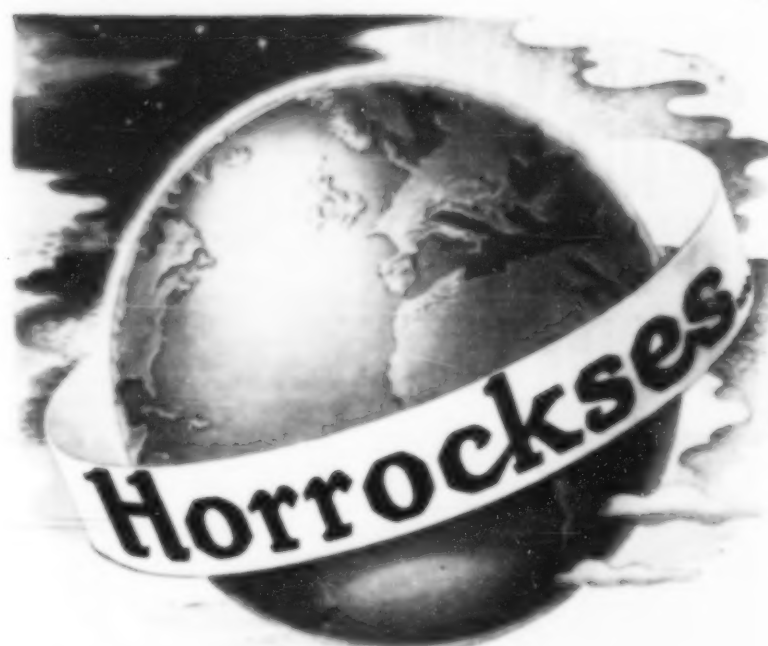
I also find I spend more time thinking for myself nowadays, and am much better able to sit still and keep quiet. I don't know whether this is a cause or an effect of the all-round slackening of tension I've noticed lately—a slackening which is one of the things social drinking is supposed to do and doesn't, or didn't for me at any rate.

Home—Not Hospital

Those are a few of the things I've got out of not being a social drinker any more. It hasn't been a dramatic change. Going dry never is, unless you were a sodden wreck to start with, and social drinkers are a very long way from that.

Just the same it only takes a couple of small drinks to make a big difference sometimes—the difference between driving safely home from a party, for example, and having a traffic accident and winding up in hospital or on an embalming table at the undertaker's instead.

The money saved doesn't seem much—until you figure it out, and then it looks mighty good. The time you spend drinking isn't much, but it's enough to count for a lot of pleasant hours when you divert it to other purposes. ★



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"Mrs. Majesty"

Continued from page 9

earnest she settles down to the day's correspondence.

Now a great many strange and interesting letters flow into Marlborough House, some of them addressed in an odd enough fashion—"Mrs. Majesty," "Mrs. Queen" or "The King's Mother." If the writers are sincere, if they've really something to say, then they get an answer by return. The woman, a Cockney living in London's grim dockside area, who wrote, "I thought I'd wish you a happy birthday as you were born on the same day as me and named May the same as me though your health has kept up better than mine me having had a real hard time and not so much to eat," got a reply saying, "Hard times have come to all of us and I don't suppose your favorite dinner is so much different to mine—roast beef, baked potatoes and Yorkshire pudding." Claptrap and the scrawls of wits and cranks go into the wastepaper basket in double-quick time.

Queen Mary does not now have many morning engagements and luncheon comes on at 1.15 p.m. and the old high-set Daimler with its specially big and wide windows is ordered for 2.30 p.m. The afternoon always holds a job of some sort for her. It is the fervent, but seldom satisfied, hope of one and all that this does not take in an exhibition in any of London's great halls. At such events she is a royal terror. Nothing misses her; although I can't say that so much as having to follow her as she walks for miles which causes officials the heart and foot burning.

Tea on the Run

The old lady's energy and stamina are phenomenal. She has tea where she can get it. Dinner is served at 7.30 p.m. under the limp brown eye of chef Gabriel Tschumi, an elderly Swiss who was for 34 years with George V and Queen Mary at Buckingham Palace, and who was brought gratefully out of 17 years' retirement quite recently. And then it is a fair bet that she will take in a cinema or a theatre not caring very much what the critics and pundits have said about the show but using her own close knowledge and giving free rein to her catholic tastes. She makes no bones about keeping up with modern tendencies which isn't to say that she approves them all. Maybe she doesn't feel like moving out; in that case there is the radio or television or catching up on some reading. This writer came upon cheering evidence of her literary taste some while back, guffaws having led him into a private secretary's room. The said secretary showed plain evidence of immoderate laughter and stated that the cause of it all was Compton Mackenzie's wartime satire, "Red Tapeworm." "...and if you know who gave it to me?" Queen Mary!

She takes art study and collecting with seriousness. What her personal collection is now worth no one except perhaps the practical owner may say with confidence. She certainly has an enormous number of beautifully and delicately wrought fans, prizing the Chinese ones above all. She has a great deal of lace, a lot of it Honiton of which her wedding veil was made, much Chinese lacquer, jade, enamel, and embroidery and quantities of Dresden china. Good also is her furniture—none of it Victorian, incidentally—which is largely of the best French periods. In the unlikely event of Queen Mary ever visiting my riverside cot-

tage, I am certain of approval inasmuch as it contains 22 large built-in cupboards. Such aids to living are a near-mania with her. Looking over a newly built "model" working-class house some time ago she tartly observed, "What beautiful cupboards these are. Now I should like to see the rooms where the tenants are going to live."

I like also this story of the old Queen's eagle eye and her vast knowledge. Calling on her son at Buckingham Palace she spotted some pieces of carpet which had been brought out of long-forgotten store and were now doing duty again in these hard times. "I think you will find that these are handwoven Axminster, they came from the Royal Pavilion at Brighton and were once the property of George IV," she said. It took the textile section of the Victoria and Albert Museum some considerable research before they could give a verdict: it confirmed Queen Mary's opinion.

Tip For Newlyweds

Certain it is that Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip are listening with plenty of care to her advice in respect of their furnishing problems at half-finished Clarence House which will be their place in town. She doesn't press it on them as some grandmothers are apt to do. She simply says, "I'd like to help and I think I can, having been quite a time at this sort of thing." This, incidentally, has always been her general attitude to the newlyweds, and they are more than grateful.

The arrival of Prince Charles seems to have given her tremendous pleasure though it is said that she remained completely in character when she saw the baby first. Peering at Charles with some concentration she observed, "H'm. No doubt about him being a Windsor!" She will probably add before she passes on, "And let the boy travel! There is no education in the world to compare with it." She is in a position to know for her own wanderings have taken her more than half across the world.

Queen Mary's earliest travels she owed to the fact that hers was a family of social distinction but modest means, and belonged to a society in which sons, not daughters, were the people who mattered. While her three brothers did their expensive schooling in England, the Duke and Duchess of Teck and daughter May removed themselves to Florence in 1884, where living was cheap.

Cheap also was culture. The lovely city had there for the taking art and history in a thousand forms. The teen-age English girl walked by the Arno, she strolled in the shade cast by a hundred palaces and joined in comments upon the ruthless rebuilding of the city's centre. Here were libraries and collections of every kind—the best of Botticelli, of Perugino, and of Donatello, and here too was Paolo Tosti to teach her music. All these were in no way disregarded. Florence, in fact, laid for her the foundation of a profound knowledge of the arts which today makes Queen Mary the best-informed woman in England (and the shrewdest judge) upon antique furniture and some categories of 18th-century painting.

In parenthesis: when your correspondent recently visited Windsor Castle and watched craftsmen and women refurbishing the glorious Gobelin tapestries in the grand reception room of the so-called Star Building, he asked (perhaps naively), "Who is your foreman? Who is in charge of this work?" The answer: "Oh, Queen Mary, of course."



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The Tecks stayed in Florence for 18 months, more than long enough for the place to imprint itself deeply on the impressionable mind of May and to cause her nearly 60 years later to get specially detailed reports upon the fighting in the city and the destruction of its magnificent bridges.

It was a now gay and distinctively good-looking young woman who returned to England. She had, to the consternation of some and the delight of others, also been getting up-to-date with the women's suffrage movement for which she had sympathy, but about which she could do little in practice. Whispers in and around the circles in which she moved even hinted that she had socialist tendencies. Of this and similar talk the future Queen of England seems to have taken little enough notice. Nor did she appear to share the concern of many that no prospective husband had been named for her.

No Time to Brood

In an age when most women married in their teens she seemed content to let her 20's catch up on her while remaining a comfortable spinster. She officially "came out," of course, on returning from Florence; but not until she was 24 was her engagement announced. This was to the Duke of Clarence, heir-presumptive to the throne. The time was Christmas, 1891. The bells rang specially loud over that festive period—not altogether without a sense of relief. At last May was to marry and all the silly rumors, the idle chatter, would be stilled. But on January 2 the Duke of Clarence died, thus dealing May a frightful blow and as contemporary accounts have it, "setting the country by the ears." Just what this meant then (or now) is anybody's

guess. At all events for the distressed May it meant being hurried abroad again to "get over things."

How far that abrupt end to her first romance affected her only she could say; and she never has said. This much appears to have been clear to her family and other interested parties: she must not be allowed to remain on the shelf for much longer or give herself up to overmuch brooding. Thus the stay abroad was of no great duration and in July of 1893 she was married to Prince George of Wales, Duke of York, a heavily mustached and bearded sailor with rigid ideas on most things, more especially the discipline necessary in family life. It was a good solid and enduring match.

As bride to a prince and queen to a king-emperor, May traveled the world far beyond Europe. She has journeyed up the road to Mandalay, been at the famed North West Frontier (where Bonnie Prince Charlie is unlikely to go), been to South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania, climbed the Rockies and seen the cities of Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and Winnipeg.

How much more time there is left to this quite remarkable old Queen to pursue her good life and works among us is for the gods to decide. The medics, after years of asking her to take things a bit more slowly, have now come to the sensible conclusion that their advice cuts no ice and are content to let her go her own sweet way. This they seem to think will be quite a long way yet.

Footnote: A quick look at a photograph in the possession of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt might help to confirm their view. It shows Queen Mary sowing a tree trunk—part of her war effort when she was staying at Badminton. ★

The Big Lies

Continued from page 12

redistribute the wealth, these figures mean that, though we North Americans appear obese and opulent to the rest of the world, we cannot, on average, hope to be wealthy. We are wealthy by other people's standards. We are poor and will remain so by the impossible standards we have set for ourselves. While our wealth will increase, if we can avoid a final smashup, it will increase only as we build a still larger productive apparatus, and that takes time.

The figures of our wealth are well known, or should be. They are all set out in reports. Yet they are denied from almost every political platform on this continent; they are ignored by most statesmen and they are brushed aside by the slogans of political parties both of Right and Left.

In their place is enthroned the Lie of Abundance, ordering us to uproot our present system, to destroy the very thing which has lifted us above the destitution of other places, and thereby painlessly to grasp the hidden treasure-trove of wealth which the conspiracy of a few wicked men allegedly holds beyond our reach. Politicians solemnly propose that we spend what we haven't got, eat what we haven't produced, enjoy what doesn't exist—and to this end embark on courses which never in any place have produced as much wealth as we enjoy now, which probably would diminish what we have and certainly would destroy our right to use it as free men.

The Lie of Abundance not only distorts the actual facts of our current income. It disguises the deeper and

more alarming fact that our capital, the substance of the earth itself, is being impoverished, the soil gutted, the oil drained out, the ore mined, the forests cut down. Surely the most important single fact of our time is the simple fact that the earth is increasing its human population far beyond its present capacity to feed its passengers? A human family, punch-drunk with lies, is quietly beginning to starve.

In place of the facts, what are we offered? Nearly every man who seeks our votes offers the wildest promises of affluence: two cars in every garage (when we lack steel for one and lumber for the garage); gigantic public services we cannot pay for and, funniest of all, reduced taxes at the same time.

Where does this masquerade lead us?

Dazzled by Dough

If men are made desperate by the failure of their false hopes, and are bent on seizing wealth which isn't there and won't be for a long time, ultimately they will uproot not only the economic system, which perhaps can be rebuilt, but the whole structure of democratic freedom which, once lost, can be regained only by years of toil and misery.

Precisely that has happened over a great part of the earth. In those countries where the Lie of Abundance has at least some of the surface appearance of truth, it robs us of the simple power to add two and two. It puts us at the mercy of the monetary fanatic. Many men otherwise sane tell us that we can pay for any state service and any national budget whatever. Thus we can do either by creating more money or extracting more of the existing money from the rich.

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surely needs no answer among a people who already know inflation. As for the other method, I (being poor) am all for soaking the rich if it will do any good. The trouble about the rich, however, is that there aren't enough of them and much of their income has been soaked up already.

Official figures show that if all the rich were soaked to death, if all the people of more than moderate income were left penniless or exterminated for the crime of earning it, then the state still could not extract enough money to pay for one half or one tenth of the things which the monetary fanatics promise us.

The soaking complete, and the rich no longer there to be soaked a second time, we would have to face the undeniable mathematical fact that it is the small man—roughly, in Canada, the man with \$3,000 a year or less—who must pay for most of the services of the state.

In Canada the facts are hidden for the moment by a boom which already shows cracks at the edges. The taxpayer is dazzled by a temporary government surplus. Disguised or not, the facts are that, with our rising military costs, which must double at least in the next year or so, with other costs going up, with revenues almost certain to decline through any reduction in business turnover, and with tax cuts certain in an election year, this country is not heading toward a permanent surplus as many people seem to think. It is heading toward a deficit.

The Americans, by premature tax reductions, started to head that way during the last 12 months before they prepared to raise taxes again. Must we make the same mistake, even in the face of our neighbor's experience? Have we the sense, in times of boom, to reduce our debt by accumulating surpluses and lay away something for a rainy day? Or are we too weak to stand good times?

The truth, which our surface prosperity can obscure but cannot alter, is that Canada today is living unnaturally, synthetically and dangerously. That is proved by a single figure—more than half of our overseas exports, on which our prosperity depends, are paid for by the American taxpayer through the Marshall Plan, and that plan will end in less than four years. Would any man say he was living naturally, that his prosperity was secure, if he were living on the bounty of a rich uncle who intended to cut him off in four years?

And even the Marshall Plan is proving insufficient to buy all our surpluses, as our farmers, lumbermen and fishermen have lately learned to their surprise.

What our illusion of prosperity blurs out is a basic shift in the world economy—the impoverishment of Europe, the shrinkage of our old overseas markets, the collapse of the great North Atlantic trade triangle which supported us so well in the past that we took it for a permanent system, almost a law of God. Only now do we begin to grasp the truth that our prosperity in a destitute world is the most unnatural condition imaginable, that prosperity in the past was not a windfall but the result of a century of hard labor and skill.

The upshot of all this is that Canada will be very fortunate if it can avoid a depression when the Marshall Plan is finished. To maintain our present standard of living during the next decade without raising it will require good luck and a miracle of good management. But who will believe that when he, personally, has more money to spend than he perhaps ever had before in his life?

What chance is there to sit down quietly and prepare for the gravest

economic crisis in our history, already visible on the horizon? No chance at all while we remain spellbound by our own private and special lie—the Lie of North American Superiority.

Throughout this continent we have long believed the gratifying fiction that in some fashion we are better than the people of other continents. This assumption is based mainly on our superior living standard. But our superior living standard, even if we provided it solely by our own ingenuity, would mean only that we are more clever than other peoples, not that we are better. By and large men with high living standards are no more virtuous than men with low.

Adolescent Arrogance

What is the main reason for our relative prosperity? It is that we have stumbled upon, plundered and ravaged through the richest area of land left upon the globe. Considering how many people have managed to live in such crowded quarters and on such poor resources in Britain, for instance, or in France, Holland, Belgium or Switzerland, can we honestly say that we have done better with our fabulous continent than others would have done if they had stumbled upon America in our place?

This lie of superiority, this ill-disguised racialism in us who are always denouncing racialism in other people, is more than an unpleasant breach of good manners. It has deep and evil effects upon the affairs of the world.

It was the kernel of North American isolationism from the beginning. It was this false sense of superiority which persuaded us that we not only could but should live apart from other peoples who lack the good sense to be prosperous like us. We have begun to learn that we cannot live alone, but the subconscious sense of superiority remains to poison our relations with other peoples, especially the peoples of Asia (who are more numerous than we are and may some day be more powerful).

Until an adult humility replaces our adolescent arrogance it cannot be said that we are fit for the moral leadership of the world now thrust upon us, because that leadership finally must depend upon our morals. The world is waiting to see what our morals are to be. Morals which the world will accept cannot be built on the Lie of Superiority. The lie will be rejected at the moment when the world can live without our charity.

We tell ourselves that we are really self-sufficient. Under the spell of this preposterous reasoning, North America tried to keep its wealth to itself, refused to share it by trade with other countries, collapsed in the depression, and refused the chance to prevent World War II.

Now the circle is complete when North America, which refused to trade its wealth before, must now give it away, for its own safety, and not only to its friends but to the enemies of yesterday. Surely that ought to end the myth of self-sufficiency for all time. Surely it ought to demonstrate to the most stupid that if we will not share our wealth by the interchange of goods we must either give it away indefinitely to protect ourselves, or else fight for it against a hungry world which somehow fails to appreciate our superiority.

At this point in the parade appears the Lie of Heroic Sacrifice. It is flattering, unctuous and easy to take. Therefore it has won a revered place in the befuddled thoughtways of America.

According to this lie, the people of North America have been bleeding themselves white to save the people of the world from starvation and, in

return, are receiving precious little thanks.

No one should underestimate what the people of the United States (and the people of Canada in still larger proportionate measure) have done for foreign peoples in recent years. Nothing like this, judged by volume, has ever been known before. But then nothing like the volume of our American wealth has ever been known either. And the truth is that, whatever individuals may have done, this continent as a whole, while giving much away, has made no sacrifice for anybody. Our ordeal of altruism has consisted of the most garish boom on record. To call that sacrifice is not only false but somewhat obscene.

Up to now a clear line has been drawn beyond which we refuse to give anything to anybody. That line is our present living standard. We will do nothing which might imperil it. In an irreverent continent our standard of living at least is sacred.

Thus, when our politicians and economists assert that we can do nothing more for Europe or Asia, that we have exhausted our means, one experiences a certain nausea.

What they are saying actually is that we can do nothing more within our present means unless we are prepared to use less goods ourselves—unless we are prepared at last to begin making the sacrifice of which we already boast. That being unthinkable, we build up charts, graphs and tabulations to prove that our ability to help anybody is strictly limited. When was any country or civilization saved from destruction with an adding machine? If war came we should soon replace the adding machine with a machine gun. To prevent war coming we shall be compelled to readjust our adding machines, our standard of living and our notions of sacrifice.

Actually we are at war today—a new kind of war, to be sure, not yet waged with the usual military weapons, but a war nevertheless, waged with terrible economic weapons and with those much more dangerous weapons, ideas.

Safety on the Cheap

In such a war the strength of Britain and Europe is essential to our safety. No matter what the cost they must be saved, whether we like it or not. Even if this means that we must reduce our living standards a little, or a lot, it would be grotesque to call this sacrifice. As well say a man is sacrificing when he buys fire insurance on his home.

Do we think we can build a North Atlantic defense system for nothing? Do we think we can buy safety on the cheap? Do we think we can have security and low taxes at the same time, as so many of our statesmen are telling us?

Either we are in this new deal with the western Europeans or we are not. If we are in, we shall be playing for the highest stakes in history, which is to say the rescue of our civilization from the outer edge of the abyss. Such a game cannot be played by those who limit their bets by their living standards.

Most of the miscalculations come out of this almost universal lie that a nation or a civilization must be judged by its wealth. The words "living standard" are perhaps the most poisonous of our time. Judged by them, some of the finest civilizations of the past were failures, some of the rottenest were successful.

Yet that lie runs throughout human history. It was picked up by capitalism, a fairly modern invention, and now is imitated by socialism and communism. It stands above ideology altogether. It

may be said, indeed, that the Russians have copied our worst vice when they attempt to build a system on the proposition that the sole object of a society is to increase the available amount of goods, regardless of any other consideration.

We deny such a proposition in our individual lives. We have long since ceased to worship men because they are rich. The most admired men in the world are mostly poor and, by my observation, the most unhappy men are usually rich. When goods become the single objective of a society, then, by a natural law and by all the lessons of history, it is on the downgrade, even if it travels in a Rolls Royce.

Nations in pursuit of unlimited wealth and plunder become the aggressors who impoverish everyone. Then the fattest and most bloated nations are a pushover for poor barbarians on the make.

We are further bemused here by what we might call the Lie of Black and White. It asserts that a society must be all one thing or the other, must be all free enterprise or all state control. It asserts that we must let undiluted competition and the ruthless play of economic forces decide everything, down to the last widow's mite; or, alternatively, that we must let the state decide everything down to the length of our shirt-tails.

In this sham battle between two bogeys, in the shout of capitalists who say they alone can protect freedom and of socialists who say that they alone can save us from hunger, the energies of our society are dissipated on irrelevances. The practical issues are usually ignored.

The clearest lesson of our history is that in a free society nothing is ever black and white, nothing can be if men are to remain free; that everything must be settled in a fluid, ever-changing stream of compromise by one sovereign criterion—will it work and will it keep the society free to try something else if it doesn't?

Democracy a Farce?

Pragmatism, experiment, trial and error are the very things which made us great and made freedom possible in nations willing to risk them.

Grey is the free man's color. But the Lie of Black and White tries to imprison us in theory, to thrust us into the deep freezer of motionless and rigid ideology. At best it wastes our time and energy when we need to discover, by constant testing, the most practical solution of specific problems, regardless of theory. At worst it can destroy our society, as it has destroyed many others, in the struggle between uncompromising theorists, who would expunge freedom and turn man into a dead guinea pig for the sake of a blue print, or a red print.

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

use the rest of the Canadian loan, which was frozen last year when Canada nearly ran out of U. S. dollars. Canada now has a reserve of about a billion American dollars and Washington sees no reason why we shouldn't loosen up with the rest of our loan.

In the middle of Ottawa's wrangle with London the word came from Washington that we'd better stop squabbling about the golden eggs or the goose might stop laying.

• • •

The 1949 election race is already

This brings us to the ultimate lie which spawns all the others and can wreck us altogether. This is the Lie of Universal Lawlessness.

We say we are engaged in a war of ideas, a war between the idea of freedom and the idea of slavery.

What is freedom? Where does it come from? Freedom is based on the assumption that the universe is a system of order and that every man has a place and a purpose within that order.

If it once be admitted that the universe is purposeless and disordered, then no man has any inherent right or any real compulsion to be free. In such a universe the only chance for any law or order rests with a few clever men who can order all the others. That is exactly the theory of Russian Communism, of German Nazism and of every other similar system of tyranny throughout the ages. Once the Lie of Universal Lawlessness is accepted, freedom loses its claim to life, democracy becomes a clumsy farce and tyranny can rightly claim to rule.

That is the lie we are now accepting in the free world under the triumphant triumvirate of Darwin, Marx and Freud (their ideas being interpreted, or misinterpreted, to suit). If we accept that lie, we accept the basic theory and the upside-down religion of our enemy and ultimately his secular methods.

No matter that we quarrel over details. If we agreed that the Russians are right about the nature of man and the universe then we might as well stop fighting now and save ourselves a lot of trouble, because we would be fighting hopelessly for something which doesn't exist, for an exploded theory. Even if we won, militarily, on that basis, we would lose. In destroying the enemy, we would be establishing his way of life, altered in detail only.

Goebbels' laugh echoes from the dead. He knows that if we admit the Russian lie into our citadel then nothing, not even atomic bombs, can save us from such a fifth column.

It doesn't matter to Goebbels that the Russian nation is winning and the German temporarily destroyed. The victory is still all Goebbels'—man at last has surrendered to his barbarism. His Big Lie has won. From there on suitable political arrangements can be made to enforce it, under new führers.

The political disputes, the ideological wrangle, the military struggle are all minor beside the all-decisive question whether western man will finally accept the Lie of Universal Lawlessness.

That question cannot be answered by any government, military leader or physical weapon. It will be answered by the individual man. If he is quietly abandoning his faith in God and in himself, as he seems to be doing, we are lost. The final lie, piled on all the others, would sink us without trace. ★

under way and the Liberal horse bruised both knees in the first lap.

Opening gun of the campaign was the National Liberal Federation dinner, the night before Parliament opened. It was a gala affair. The whole Cabinet was at the head table and the banquet hall overflowed with loyal and lubricated Liberals. But for some obscure reason the celebration didn't quite come off.

Typical of the whole evening was Justice Minister Stuart Garson's slip of the tongue—he spoke in welcoming tones of "the new province of New Zealand." What with one thing and another there was more uttering than cheering among the audience.

Perhaps the most curious episode had

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CECIL PARKER
Capt. Boycott Has Joined The Navy
—He Also Does Housework



That 32.1 percent of all Canadians with a stated preference for British films has 119 reasons, more or less, for this decided liking.

Reason No. 22 involves the acting habits of London stage and screen players—those who may star in one picture, take a secondary role in another and play a bit part in a third. The presence of any of them anywhere in a cast always shoves the entertainment value up two or more notches.

★ ★ ★

Ask for names, and any member of the 32.1 group in good standing will give you Cecil Parker among them.

★ ★ ★

After the nasty character of CAPTAIN BOYCOTT, he is in THE WEAKER SEX, a Navy brass-hat who can double as the kitchen-sink as well as the next man—which, all in all, isn't any too well.

★ ★ ★

In the final reels of Somerset Maugham's QUARTET, Cecil Parker, as a latter-day blimp in tuxedo, does an sophisticated job of smooth comedy as will be seen on any stage or screen this semester.

★ ★ ★

As a film, THE WEAKER SEX is in the tradition of "Cavalcade" and "This Happy Breed." It deals, realistically and cheerfully, with the problems of a heartwarming household from 1944 until, approximately, last week. The star of the story is the present-day housewife.

★ ★ ★

Sir Michael Balcon's SARABAND has climbed quickly into the international hit classification. The color is by Technicolor. The stars: Stewart Granger, Françoise Rosay, Joan Greenwood, Flora Robson.

★ ★ ★

For the local playdate on any J. Arthur Rank picture, ask at your own Theatre.

An **EAGLE-ION** Release

to do with something that wasn't said at all.

Hon. Robert Winters, the new Minister of Reconstruction, had included in his prepared text a reference to the Digby-Annapolis-King's-by-election, which the Liberals lost. Mr. Winters intended to use it as an illustration of his point that "getting votes is not a matter of making handouts, or tumbling over ourselves to out-socialize the Socialists." The prepared text went on:

"More was done for this constituency by way of direct financial beneficence than probably any other constituency in Canada, and you know what happened."

Mr. Winters left out this sentence when he delivered his speech. He spoke without notes, following only the general outline of his text; maybe he just forgot it. However, the omission was headlined in Progressive Conservative newspapers next day. To them it looked like belated blue-penciling of a true confession.

• • •

Next day, in the House of Commons, the Government skinned its other knee.

Because the Newfoundland legislation was urgent (it had to pass both Ottawa and London in plenty of time before March 31) the Cabinet had decided to open Parliament on a Wednesday instead of a Thursday. Prime Minister St. Laurent said the idea was to allow "two full days' debate on the Speech from the Throne," and still go on with the Newfoundland bill on the first Monday of the session.

This procedure would have put the new Leader of the Opposition, George A. Drew, in a position of some diffi-

culty. Normally the Opposition Leader has four days, including a clear week end, to prepare his reply. Mr. Drew would have had to make his maiden speech, his first assault on Government policy, less than 24 hours after learning what that policy was to be.

The Government could have enforced this procedure—but not in the way they went about it. They introduced a motion that required either unanimous consent of the House or 48 hours' notice.

Mr. Drew refused to give unanimous consent. CCF leader M. J. Coldwell, perhaps with some astonishment, found himself in agreement with his arch-enemy. The Prime Minister withdrew his motion.

The Government was in the wrong, Mr. Drew in the right. There was nothing to do but withdraw as gracefully as possible, which the Prime Minister did. One Liberal strategist summed up the position thus: "Whoever drafted that motion ought to be shot."

It wasn't a very vital matter, but on the opening day it made news. The Mackenzie-Kingless Government had been stopped in its tracks in the first hour of its first session.

• • •

Reason why the Government gets into these procedural troubles is that since Ian Mackenzie retired to the Senate there's no Cabinet Minister who really knows the rules. The outstanding expert on procedure in the present House of Commons is Stanley Knowles of the CCF. And, of course, the Rt. Hon. Member for Glengarry, W. L. Mackenzie King.

Mr. King could tell his former col-

leagues plenty about how to wage parliamentary war, but he is most scrupulous about any such interference. As M.P. for Glengarry he attends important sessions of the House, but intends to speak seldom.

Outside the House he remains very much in the background. He does not even attend Liberal Party caucus any longer—thinks his presence there is embarrassing to the Prime Minister. After 29 years it's pretty hard for Liberals not to feel that "where Mackenzie King sits is the head of the table."

• • •

Just to complete the roll call of real faces in Parliament, the Progressive Conservatives also barbed a shin in the opening days of the session.

Absenteeism on Fridays and Mondays has been the besetting sin of the Tories for years. Members from Toronto and environs make it a habit to put in an appearance for the first few minutes of the Friday sitting then catch the train. Thus they avoid being docked a day's pay and still get home Friday evening. On Monday they do the same thing in reverse and arrive just in time for the last few minutes of the House sitting.

On the first Friday of the new session their new leader was to make his maiden speech. Before doing so, he led a three-hour fight against the Government's proposal to interrupt debate on the Speech from the Throne.

Mr. Drew demanded, and got, a recorded vote on this issue. But when the ballots were counted, only 55 out of his 69 Progressive Conservatives were there. The other 14 had followed normal procedure, gone home for the week end. ★

Git Aloft, Little Dogie

Continued from page 13

producer, Laurel Heather, the champion, produced 20,000 pounds of milk last year. (The world's record, held by her grandmother, is 29,000.) Silver Hall Beta Netherland, another passenger, was runner-up to Heather at the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto and she can fill 34 quart bottles a day—more than double the output of a cow in the average dairy herd.

The change of scene during the flight was to reduce each cow's milk production but Bob still had plenty on his hands. He fed some to the calves and the rest right back to the cows. Then he and Lucio went to sleep on a bench in the office. The cows stayed on the plane, which they were not to leave until they reached Uruguay. Although the temperature outside was well below freezing, the heat of their bodies kept the plane's interior warm and humid.

It was colder next morning, but the snow had ceased and visibility was good. While Buzz Renneker, the big, sandy-haired young flight engineer, worked at warming up the frozen motors, Smoky Lee began to worry about the bull. Mistlough Liveryman II, who weighed close to a ton and kept the tail heavy. "You hang on to that mean old bull when we take off," Smoky told Bob Cooper. "If he was to shift his weight a little bit, he could throw my steering right off."

Some pilots who freight bulls and race horses carry a loaded pistol in the cockpit in case of trouble. Race horses have been known to kick themselves to death in the air and Bob told me that our bull was quite capable of charging right through the metal wall of the plane.

We got off finally at 2 p.m. after the

cows had been given a clean bill of health by the veterinary and an official blessing from the Uruguayan consul (fee: \$342). Because of the bull in the tail, everybody except Bob jammed into the forward cabin to keep the nose down so Smoky could steer the aircraft on the runway. A few moments later we were heading south.

Cows are phlegmatic travelers. If they knew that they were 5,000 feet above the land, heading for an unknown country 6,000 miles away, they gave no hint. Most of them stared stolidly ahead, the inquisitive ones in the front row nosing open the door to the crew's quarters and peering into it. Some lay down on the bed of shavings and began to munch their cud methodically.

In Chilly Miami

As the weather grew warmer over the southern U. S., Lucio and I took off our overcoats, rolled up our sleeves and began the first of a score of journeys to the rear of the aircraft. To get there we had to climb over the backs of the tightly packed animals or squeeze between their flanks, cuffing them on the backside to force them to move over. As we passed by, each cow in turn rolled out her tongue and licked the sweat off our arms and faces.

Lucio is a graduate in agricultural engineering from the University of Santiago, Chile, and had just spent a year gaining experience at Carnation Farms, Seattle. Now he was going home on a cattle plane in much the same way that college students from foreign countries used to go home on cattle boats. The son of a cattle breeder, he plans to raise cattle in the south of Chile. He took me to the back of the plane, set his suitcase on a bale of hay and produced a complicated gadget of glass and transparent plastic.

"This," he said proudly, "is for the

artificial insemination of queen bees. I myself invented it." He added that he hoped to perfect the device and test it out on real bees when he got home.

It was now quite warm in the body of the plane and Bob, in his shirt sleeves, was down on his haunches, milking away. Lucio took the full pails and fed the little calves, then filled a Thermos bottle and took some of the warm fresh milk up to the crew ahead.

We reached Miami just before dusk. It was about 60 degrees above but the newspaper headlines read: "Chilled Thousands Watch Parade." Smoky Lee, who'd spent Christmas flying between New York and Miami, went off home for a few hours to spend New Year's Eve with his family. Bob, Lucio and I got a long hose from the hangar and watered the cattle. Bob also took on five more bales of hay in addition to the five he was carrying. He had orders to buy no more feed south of Miami. In tropical countries the hay is liable to contain a tick which can give the cows malaria. In addition to the hay, he had three or four sacks of meal aboard.

We took off at 2 o'clock that morning across the black Caribbean. Smoky Lee and Buzz Renneker snatched a few hours of sleep on the two little bunks in the crew quarters directly behind the cabin. Lucio and Bob slept on one of the bales of hay in the rear, directly behind Mistlough Liveryman II. Johnny Horne, co-pilot, an ex-Navy flier in the South Pacific, was at the controls. Arch Randolph, who runs a flying school in Miami but came along on this flight for experience on a DC-4, took the co-pilot's seat.

Nationwide Air Transport of Miami, a new charter company which owns the DC-4 on which we traveled, pays its pilots by the flying hour to transport such varied items as shrimps from the Mexican coast, black labor from the

Caribbean islands to the bean fields of Minnesota, yellow gladioli from Palm Beach to New York, and cattle from Canada to Uruguay. In this way Paul Weesner, an ex-Navy pilot who founded Nationwide, has parlayed his original plane into 13 big aircraft in just three years.

We landed in Barranquilla, on the coast of Colombia, at 9 a.m. New Year's Day. Barranquilla lies at the very northern tip of the South American continent, directly across the Caribbean from Miami. Our route was to take us down the west coast of the continent, then across the high Andes to Uruguay on the east coast. This is about 1,000 miles shorter than following the east coast of Brazil.

Into the Manana Belt

Smoky climbed out of the plane, with Lucio as interpreter, and began the inevitable and lengthy discussion with white-uniformed officials which was to mark each of our landings in the various Latin-American countries. Then, again through Lucio, Bob Cooper began a second lengthy discussion about the disembarkation of the bull which was destined for Bogota, Colombia's capital. No bull that size had ever disembarked at this airport before and the little knot of swarthy white-trousered workmen seemed aghast at the whole project. The conversation, in tumbling Spanish, was well-peppered with the words "turo" (bull) and "manana" (tomorrow).

"In these countries," said Buzz Renneker, who once spent a year in Mexico shrimp fishing, "they are manana happy. Maybe it's the best."

The problem was finally solved when somebody produced a hydraulic freight lift. It was agreed to build a rope haulage around this on the optimistic assumption that the rope would somehow prevent Mistleigh Liveryman II from leaping off the lift and maiming himself. Bob Cooper was apprehensive about the whole operation, but the bull, docile as a lamb, walked majestically onto the contrivance and allowed himself to be lowered slowly to the ground.

This done, Bob produced two packages of American cigarettes and an American dollar, both of which are prospects in South America, and another workman appeared with a portable water carrier and a length of hose. He pumped the water up to Bob in the rear of the plane. Bob and Lucio and I filled the buckets and attempted to water the cattle, who stubbornly refused to drink.

"It's a different kind of water and they don't like the taste of it," Bob said. "We'll have to wait until they get good and thirsty. By then we'll probably find we have to pack the stuff ourselves across an entire airfield."

We breakfasted on *pamon y huevos* (ham and eggs) and were in the air again by noon. Below us the winding silver ribbon of the Rio Magdalena stretched indolently through the hot green jungle. It was pleasant to think that down there, somewhere, our bull would soon be grazing and siring other bulls—or perhaps putting it off until manana.

Although the interior of our flying barn had been hot and fetid on the ground it rapidly cooled off in the air. Bob had removed the emergency doors, allowing a draught to cool the interior in flight. A 30-day boat trip to South America at this time of year—summer below the equator—is very hard on cattle. But a four-day trip by air at the fairly constant temperatures of 12,000 feet is much easier. The cattle escape the tropical diseases by flying over them and arrive sleek and fat. The cost

is slightly more, but the buyers figure it's worth it.

We reached Guayaquil on the coast of Ecuador at 6 p.m. that evening. By this time the cattle were thirsty and, as Bob had predicted, there was no pump cart and the water had to be hauled in buckets from a slow faucet several hundred yards distant. It took us an hour to bring the water, a bucket at a time, up the plane's ladder and feed it to the cattle. It took Smoky Lee just as long to complete his business with the ubiquitous customs officials.

Because airports on the west coast of South America do not have landing lights, we stayed overnight in sultry Guayaquil, a gloomy city where the buildings are built of a kind of reed for coolness and where the locusts are sometimes so thick that they can eat a man's suit down to the buttons overnight and have to be shoveled from the streets in carloads. We arrived on the fringe of the locust season and there were only several million of them on hand to greet us. We got about four hours' sleep at the hotel—leaving the cattle locked up in the plane at the airport—and departed the sleeping city at dawn. The shops were shuttered tight and many of the people lay out on benches and in doorways as if dead, giving the town a ghostly atmosphere in the dusk of early morning.

We had had breakfast in Guayaquil. We were to have lunch in Lima, Peru, 700 miles away, dinner in Antofagasta, Chile, another 1,000 miles farther on. This did not appear to be particularly extraordinary to any of the four crew members, each of whom have led varied and interesting lives. Arch Randolph once worked briefly for the Chinese Government in its pre-World War II war with Japan. Smoky Lee, who served with the RAF's ferry command during the war, has recently been flying airplanes to Switzerland and Czechoslovakia for the Zionists.

Milk in the Desert

Below us the Ecuadorian jungle, veined with innumerable spidery rivers, swelled up like a great wet greensponge. Soon the jungle gave way to the withered brown flanks of the Peruvian desert, where from 10,000 feet the mountains seemed to be barely able to peek up above the smothering blanket of burned sand. The plane began to lunge in the downdrafts but Lucio and Bob stood their ground and pitchforked hay forward to the hungry cattle.

They served us steaks in Lima, smothered with ham and eggs—a dish which we got almost everywhere we went. We were never able to find out whether this is a South American dish or a South American idea of an American dish. At Antofagasta, on the Chilean coast, in the little airport canteen, we got an identical meal.

At dusk we reached Antofagasta, where the residents told us, rather defiantly, that it hadn't rained for 60 years. Nothing grows here unless it is hand-irrigated at frightful expense, and some of the people had never seen a cow or tasted fresh milk.

Half a dozen people formed a willing bucket line at the airport and we watered the cows in short order. As a reward Bob milked the cattle then and there and distributed the milk to our helpers, who had been using the powdered variety.

In the casino at the airport Lucio pointed out three swarthy men in working clothes drinking beer. "They are copper miners," he said, "and, gosh, are they tough! When they run out of money they blow off their fingers with dynamite and collect compensation." I asked one of the airport officials about



BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

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A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO WRITES!

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: As usual, March (that old traitor!) will be up to her wanton tricks with wind and snow. But on those rare, sunshiny days, back gardens all up and down the block will be a riot of colour with blankets blossoming and billowing from every clothesline. This is the month when it's heaps of fun to transform old furniture or an entire room with some gay new colour. And it's high time to get everyone raking and cleaning up the garden ready for Spring planting. In spite of the slush and mud, Spring is just around the corner. Got your new chapeau yet? Tie it on, lady—tie it on—the March wind blows!

Meals should be of the type called "heartys"—those treacherous, busy days when everybody's hungry—good, nourishing stews; satisfying meat pies topped with golden-brown, flaky crusts; rich homemade soups and chowders. Just such a dish is our December prize-winner. Take it from me, this one will please the most ardent helper, male or female. So, herewith our sincere congratulations to

MRS. FRED RUDOW,
Box 343, Elmira, Ontario

for making excellent use of the last few bites of that wonderful "Maple Leaf" Tenderloin Ham. Here's how she makes a very tasty lunch or supper dish.

"MAPLE LEAF" TENDERLOIN HAM AND PINEAPPLE PATTIES

- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| 2 cups minced "Maple Leaf" Tenderloin Ham | SAUCE |
| 1 egg, beaten | 1/2 cup brown sugar |
| 1/2 cup bread crumbs | 2 tablespoons lemon juice |
| 1/2 cup milk | 2 tablespoons vinegar |
| 4 slices pineapple (or equal amount of crushed or cubed, drained) | 1/2 cup syrup from pineapple |
| | 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard |

Method: Combine minced ham, beaten egg, bread crumbs and milk. Form into eight patties, and place a pineapple slice (or layer of crushed pineapple) between each two. Place patties in a shallow casserole or pan, and cover them with the sauce ingredients which have been thoroughly combined. Bake at 325°F. for 30 minutes, basting the meat frequently with the sauce. Four servings (or recipe can be doubled). Good with wine and spinach.

THIS MONTH, ANOTHER \$100.00 FIRST PRIZE will be awarded for the best recipe or way of serving.

"MAPLE LEAF" CHEESE

Cheese is the "backbone", so to speak, of some of the best eating there is. Just think what you can do with five—yes, five!—flavours to choose from. There's "Maple Leaf" Canadian, Pimento, Relish, Natty and Nippy—and it's up to you clever cooks to take your choice and create a dish worthy of being added to our recipe list parade. Remember, there's a \$100.00 prize for the recipe selected as "tops."

CONSOLATION PRIZE FOR EVERYONE! Everyone who writes will receive from Canada Packers a voucher, which may be exchanged FREE at your grocer's or butcher's for a 1/2 lb. package of "Maple Leaf" Cheese—any flavour.

WE STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for the First Prize but we promise only ONE voucher per person. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for First Prize be duplicated by another entry, the \$100.00 cheque will be awarded to the first one received.

CLOSING DATE: To qualify for the First Prize—as well as the Free Voucher—your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 31st, 1949. Winner of the First Prize will be announced in my June magazine column—it could be YOU!

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,
"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,
2206 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

Have you tried this...

CALORE COUNTERS will say "kiss you" for a dessert that's kind to night-liners. Just top each half grapefruit lightly with sugar and 1/4 tsp. nutmeg. Dot with butter and broil until golden brown. What's good enough for the reducers is good enough for anybody!

DUNKERS' DELIGHT: Center a platter of kiki and kam "fingers", carrot sticks, radish roses, celery curls and tomato wedges with a bowl of this zippy dressing: 1/2 cup mayonnaise, 1/4 cup drained chili sauce, 1 tsp. ginger, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, salt and pepper. Just the ticket

for salad lovers.

SUNDAY REST: A few drops of almond flavouring added to canned peaches is a trick to have up your sleeve when the parson comes to tea.

SPRING FACE LIFTING: Dip soft cheese-cloth in a thick lather of pure "Maple Leaf" Soap Flakes and water. Wring dry as possible and wash all furniture, banisters, etc. Rinse. When thoroughly dry, apply a thin coating of paste floor wax. Dry. A soft cloth and lots of elbow grease gives a satiny finish that can't be beat. Beautifies—protects the wood.

Won't it be wonderful to see the first green things showing through the brown earth? Won't it be long either—for Spring is knocking at the door! And while you're waiting, don't forget to write me, will you? Just be sure to post your letter before midnight, March 31st. Cheers.

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

Brenda York

Why Millions Call Him "HOLY FATHER"

Catholic loyalty to the Pope is the cause of never-ending amazement to many non-Catholics.

They wonder how an exclusively spiritual leader can command the devotion of nearly four hundred millions of people. They cannot explain why this vast religious family...representing every race, color, language and political belief on the face of the earth...lives and grows through the ages, while man-made empires have their day of glory and then disappear.

What is there about this one man that causes people to speak of him in a hundred tongues as "Holy Father"?

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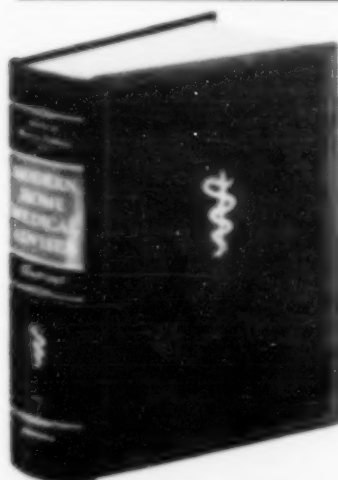
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this and he denied it. "It is much simpler to smash the finger with a steel anvil," he said. Antofagasta is the centre of the copper and nitrate mining which are Chile's two main industries.

It was too late to go into the town, which was 20 miles away. Instead we curled up on benches in the airport waiting room and got off at 5 Monday morning, flying low over the sea with the mountains of nitrate and copper on the horizon.

The desert gave way to farmland and a series of long fertile valleys crossed by Lombardy poplars, acacias and the occasional palm. In one of these valleys we suddenly came upon the city of Santiago for which Smoky had been searching for some time. It lay sprawled out in the heart of the valley, with its two distinctive hills jutting from its centre like inverted ice-cream cones.

Threat of Jail

We were to deliver two cows to a buyer at Santiago Summit View Thoughtful Daisy and OHA Labonheur Pietje Lennox ("Peachy" to her friends). But before we could do this there was one hurdle to cross: the inevitable officials appeared and announced that we should be put in jail, the crew list was improperly visaed. It took several hours of wild gesticulation and the combined efforts of Lucio's uncle and the man who bought the cattle before the authorities consented to allow us into town for a hot bath.

The two cows were taken off—dragged off is a better word—the following morning at 7 a.m. "They didn't want to get on—now they like it so much they don't want to leave," Bob said as he struggled with the cows. He led them down a boxed-in gang-plank and onto a truck. Not far away a group of human passengers was alighting in an identical manner from a big Pan-American clipper.

Smoky cautioned Bob to give the cattle no more water. "We can't afford to take on any more weight going over the mountains," he said. "We've taken on so much water that the plane weighs as much now as it did before the bull got off." Bob suggested that the water had all evaporated, but Smoky pointed to the foot-thick layer of manure in the plane. "That stuff's heavy," he said. Because of health regulations neither manure nor cattle could be removed en route.

We were off shortly before noon and began to climb quickly in the long narrow valley. We flew south along the edge of the mountains for almost an hour before we had gained sufficient altitude to breast the Andes, then headed into the high pass between Chile and Argentina which most commercial passenger planes use. The altitude gauge read 13,000. We had no oxygen and our breath came in short, exhausting gasps. I looked in the mirror in the crew quarters and noticed that my lips and forehead were slightly blue. Up in the cockpit Johnny Horne was laughing and talking. "Horne's drunk with the altitude," Buzz Renneker said. On the return trip when we hit 17,000 feet without oxygen somebody turned to Johnny, who was cheerfully dipping the aircraft's wings, and shouted: "Take it easy, Johnny—you'll run into a mountain." Said Johnny, happily: "Right now, I couldn't care less."

This sudden change in pressure and density failed to bother our bovine passengers. Most of them simply sat down and went to sleep. It took about an hour to fly through the pass, and nobody was too unhappy when we broke out over the cloud-shrouded farmland of Argentina. "I don't mind

looking down on mountains when I'm flyin'," said Arch Randolph, "but I sure don't like to look up at 'em."

Lucio had been the most interested member of the crew. Over on the horizon he had seen the high, snow-topped plume of Tupengato (22,300 feet). "In these very boots I have personally climbed that mountain," Lucio shouted, pointing at his heavily cleated well-mannered footgear.

The cattle were awake again and hungry. Bob Cooper had saved an entire sack of meal for them so that they would arrive looking sleek and well-fed. He busied himself feeding them, brushing down their coats, combing out their tails and cleaning off their hooves. But he didn't milk them. "That's so there'll be an extra large supply of milk when the owner gets them," Bob said. Bob learned most of these tricks on five previous cattle flights to South America and the Caribbean. A former cattle breeder, he sold his farm after his wife died and takes these trips periodically as a diversion. Next time he intends to take his 17-year-old daughter along.

Soft warm rain was falling when we reached Montevideo. It was Tuesday evening and we had left Toronto, in heavy snow, on Friday noon. A large welcoming party made up of the buyers and their families was waiting to swarm aboard the plane and view their purchases. Two big trucks rolled up to the plane, and the cows, lowing moodily, were run down the gang-plank and wheeled off to the quarantine barns where they were required by law to spend the next 30 days.

"It isn't every day you see cows come by plane," a woman bystander said to me in perfect English. A moment later her husband, L. V. Dutra, the man who had visited Canada to purchase the cattle on behalf of the half-dozen farmers and breeders, packed us into a station wagon and drove us into town. Here he laid on a magnificent spread of giant charcoal-broiled Uruguayan steaks—the best in the world—and red Uruguayan wine. Steak in Uruguay sells for 25 cents a pound. It was this mellow atmosphere that led Arch Randolph, who once flew passenger planes for Eastern Airlines, to make a significant comment:

"Cows," said Arch, "make better passengers than people. They never want to get off the plane to phone their 110 relatives during a 10-minute gas stop. They never hold you up by being late. They never ask silly questions. They never get lost in the air terminal. They never get sick. They never ask for chewing gum, coffee, ham sandwiches or Hershey bars. They are perfect passengers. I figure I'd just as soon fly cows as anything going." ★



"I just remembered, George—I did put a stamp on it."

Washington Memo

By ERNEST K. LINDLEY

CONGRESS this session will be debating international issues and passing measures which would have once been called epochal and perhaps still deserve to be regarded as such. But today they are talked about in the corridors of the Capitol and over luncheon tables in a matter-of-fact way as if they were just ordinary congressional business. This attitude is telling evidence of the changed outlook of the American people—or at least of a majority of American politicians.

The gift of some arms to Western Europe almost certainly will be approved although perhaps not on a large scale—during the next 12 or 15 months. Indeed, some Senate leaders and some top officials favor going ahead with authorizations and appropriations for these shipments without waiting for formal action on the North Atlantic defense pact.

The State Department hopes that the North Atlantic regional security treaty will be passed by late winter. In a general way, sentiment in Congress and especially in the Senate is overwhelmingly in favor of such a pact. If the commitment parallels that made at Rio with the Pan-American republics there will be no difficulty about ratification. If it goes much beyond that—as some of the European partners would like to have it—the debate probably will be protracted.

In another aspect of foreign relations, the Democratic leadership has set early deadlines for renewal of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act and new appropriations to keep the Marshall Plan going.

The Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act allows the President to cut tariffs as much as 50% without reference to Congress. When the 14-year-old law came up for renewal last year the Republicans would extend it only one year and they put a restriction on further tariff reductions.

The President and the Democrats want the law renewed in much the same form as Secretary of State Cordell Hull first drafted it. They want it made permanent. And they want this done before the Geneva trade conference scheduled for April 11. It looks very much as if they would have their way.

New Marshall Plan appropriations will be needed by March 31, when present funds will be used up. Congress almost certainly will provide what the Administration asks. There will be demands, though, for greater pressure on the European partners to work toward political unity. The idea of a United States of Europe, or Western Europe, is popular here; Dewey advocated it during the campaign.

...
Multiplying signs of a mild economic recession are holding back the Administration's request for tax increases. The Government's economists are nearly unanimous in holding that no serious economic decline is in sight, but they are divided about the wisdom of increasing taxes. Some hold a rise of three or four billions in taxes is necessary to prevent inflationary pressures from

becoming dominant again. Others say such a rise would precipitate a sizeable economic setback.

The latter argument finds favor in Congress, where few men really want to vote for tax increases unless they must. A moderate tapering off of corporation profits would quieten the demands for an excess profits tax or increase in the regular corporation tax, now 38% on net income above \$50,000.

Declining living costs and smaller corporation profits may also take the edge off labor's spring wage demands. But the unions are pushing hard for drastic revision of the Taft-Hartley Labor Relations Act before they begin bargaining with employers again. They expect to cash in on the victory of Truman and the Democratic Party, but they are discovering once again that the Senate is an unbowed and unbosomable body which won't give the unions everything they ask for.

...
President Truman's inaugural address was not written by Dean Acheson although it might have been, for it expressed accurately the new Secretary of State's own basic views. In particular, the President's fourth proposed course of action—technical aid and capital for underdeveloped parts of the earth—was in line with Acheson's long-held thesis that the answer of the free world to Communism must be dynamic.

Mr. Truman's fourth point showed he was thinking of giving more impetus to the work of such existing agencies as the World Bank, the United States Export-Import Bank, the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations. He promptly assigned a committee of officials to draw an enlarged and co-ordinated program of loans and technical aid. Increased private investment abroad also will be encouraged.

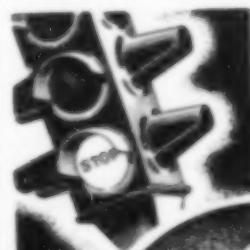
The President's fourth course was not intended to be a temporary form of aid, such as the European Recovery Program, but a permanent policy having as its objective a progressive rise in living standards throughout the world, or at least in the non-Soviet areas. Some people still refer to him patronizingly as "the little man," but there is nothing small in his ideas about the future of life on this planet. ★



President Truman and Dean Acheson. On aid abroad they see eye to eye.

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Houses, Houses, Where Are The Houses?

Continued from page 7

and small, lending companies which finance new homes, and the Government housing authorities. All give the same answer:

For the moment, nothing very startling.

It's true that for the long pull, and for certain people, things are looking a bit brighter. By the end of 1949 the commercial building boom will have tapered off and the insurance companies stand ready to finance home-building with the materials and labor thus released. Wholesale lumber prices are beginning to fall and retail prices can be expected to follow.

Soon, probably within a year, the man with some money and a steady job will be able to buy a better, cheaper house than any contractor can offer him today. The turning point in prices, which has kept retreating year after year, at last seems to be within sight. And that will help eventually.

But none of the people I talked to had a pat answer that would enable Canada to overtake her housing deficit in 1949.

A few had suggestions that might have improved matters slightly. Builders, for example, complained of bureaucratic red tape. Last year we had an acute shortage of kitchen sinks. Canadian wholesalers got hold of 10,000 sinks in the United States. But because the wholesalers hadn't been importers in the past, they couldn't get an import quota from the Federal authorities. We had to do without the sinks.

But even the most enterprising builder admitted that those 10,000 sinks wouldn't have meant 10,000 more houses. Other things were scarce too—especially cement and steel. Everyone seemed to agree that, practically speaking, Canada built as many houses in 1948 as could be built.

All the material and all the labor was put to use. Every bathtub Canada could produce, or buy abroad, went into a Canadian house. Every bricklayer, carpenter and plumber had all the work he could do.

By present forecasts housing materials will be a little more plentiful in 1949—key items like gypsum lath, iron soil pipe, cement, sinks and bathtubs ought to be up 7% to 15% over 1948 production. There may be more skilled labor to spare from industrial and commercial jobs.

Prices Coming Down

We'll build a lot of houses—maybe 90,000 or even 100,000. But we'll still have a deficit on the year's operations (more new families than new homes) and we'll make no dent whatever in that great backlog of need, the 400,000 families who already have no place of their own.

When, if ever, will Canada be able to tackle that big job?

There are two answers. It will probably become physically possible to build more houses by 1950. That's when the great industrial and commercial building boom, the biggest we've ever had—83 billions in 1948, four times the 1939 total—is expected to slow down. Industrial building contracts awarded in 1948 showed a drop of 33% below 1947; the effect of that shrinkage will be felt by next year, when work in hand is completed.

For the building season of 1950, then, we can expect plenty of bricks and mortar, plenty of nails and sinks and bathtubs, plenty of carpenters and bricklayers. The problem of supply

will be solved. But we may have a new problem—the problem of demand. Will the people who need homes still be able to buy or rent them?

It won't take as much money as it does now. Builders admit that even at present prices of materials, and present wage rates, houses could be built a good deal more cheaply. With more plentiful labor and materials, fewer incompetent workmen would be able to hold highly paid jobs, and there'd be no costly delays in waiting for materials.

Even in 1948, though wages and the price of materials rose, the price of the finished product began to ease.

In Saint John, N.B., the Government's housing corporation planned a group of rental houses for veterans. All the bids turned out to be too high, \$800 per house above the Government's top price. It looked as if the deal were off.

A few weeks later Saint John contractors bid for another job, an industrial building. The man who'd made the lowest tender for the housing project failed to get the industrial contract. So he put in a new, lower bid for the housing job, and got it.

When that condition becomes a little more prevalent, private enterprise in Canada is ready to go into the field of housing-for-rental on a larger scale than ever before.

Is This the Time to Plunge?

In Toronto the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company has plans ready for a type of rented dwelling that's new in English-speaking Canada. It's a block of six houses—not apartments, but four-room units of two floors each with individual basements and furnaces and separate entrances from the street. They've already built one such block as an experiment, in a good residential district of Toronto; even at 1948 cost levels they're able to rent these homes at \$65 a month.

The same company has put up small detached houses at prices in the neighborhood of \$8,000. Other insurance companies, which in Canada are the principal reservoir of private money for building loans, have similar plans.

"We're ready and willing to go into rental housing in a big way," said a man who handles mortgage loans for one of the biggest firms in Canada. "We know the job has to be done. We know that if we don't tackle it, the Government must. We're just waiting for the right time to move in."

"Today we can't get a contractor interested in building us 100 or 200 houses—he's got all he can do already. But when the day comes that we can go to a big contractor, ask and get a firm price for a block of dwellings, then we'll be in the housing business."

When will that day come? At another insurance firm's head office, the mortgage man replied, "In my personal opinion, it's here now—we ought to be getting started. But I haven't been able to get anybody else around here to agree with me."

Before the war, mortgage companies were not interested in new loans when the price cycle was declining. The new attitude represents a great change in their thinking—a determination to take the risk of using their great reserves of cash to help check deflation, keep men working and wheels turning, and produce for people the homes they need.

To hold to such a course will take courage. It won't be enough to build for the highest-priced market, for the high-priced market is likely to dwindle. Already, in Chicago, three times as many new houses are unsold as there were this time last year—the American building boom has passed its peak. To

keep the building industry in operation, private enterprise will have to learn how to build for the family with a small income.

Even now a few men have shown that it can be done.

In Ottawa a businessman named C. E. Pickering was named chairman of the emergency shelter committee a couple of years ago. Pickering wasn't a builder—had never had anything to do with real estate in his life. But he was shocked by the desperate cases he had to deal with and decided something could be done about it.

He called in three friends—Norman McCrosbie, an engineer; Albert Hazelgrove, an architect; Harry Hayley, a manufacturer of building materials. Hayley brought in his four sons, who are also his partners.

They all chipped in \$200 apiece to form a little company, Economy Housing Ltd. The company borrowed \$25,000 from the bank, and before the year was out it had run an overdraft of \$40,000 more. That was their entire working capital.

Hazelgrove and the Hayley brothers worked out a plan for the cheapest possible house—four rooms built of cinder blocks covered with stucco, and a flat roof. No basement, but a small storeroom outside the kitchen door. Oil heating, from a small unit in the living room. Each house has a small lawn, a small back yard.

They thought they could build it for \$3,500 including lot, and they took orders at that price. Anyone could apply, with only one stipulation—applicants had to have children. The company went ahead with 35 houses on an experimental basis.

As it turned out, their costs ran high and they lost \$400 on each house. "None of us had any regrets," Mr. Pickering said. They plan to build 500 similar houses this year at a slightly higher price and make a small profit.

Each of the 35 new home owners had to put up \$350 of his own money—10% of the total. The rest he got through a National Housing Act loan; to retire that loan he pays \$27.49 a month to cover interest, principal and city taxes. If he couldn't raise the \$350 he could get half of it from the Ontario Government on a second mortgage at 3½% and pay a slightly higher monthly rate.

This project was not, of course, a straight business proposition. Pickering and his friends got valuable help. David Mansur, president of the Federal Government's Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, got land from the City of Ottawa by trading it for a nearby parcel of Crown land, the same size but unsuitable for building. Pickering's company could sell it for \$50 a lot, far below market value in the neighborhood. The city provided sewers and water mains without a special tax levy.

Where to Get the Money

However, this kind of help is available anywhere in Canada. It took only half a dozen public-spirited citizens, willing to engage their personal credit and do a lot of work for small reward except the satisfaction of public service.

The nub of Pickering's problem, getting the money, was solved by the most important single item in the Canadian housing aid program—loans under the National Housing Act—and the Ontario Housing Development Act.

The federal act enables anyone wishing to build his own house to borrow a varying percentage of the lending value at 4½% interest on a 30-year mortgage. "Lending value" isn't the whole cost of the house at today's inflated prices; it's an arbitrary amount, set by Central Mortgage and

Housing and supposed to represent the true worth of the house in a less inflated market. The home builder can borrow up to 90% of the first \$5,000 of lending value, then a diminishing percentage up to a maximum loan of \$8,500.

Suppose a man wanted to build a house for \$7,000. The "lending value" might well be \$6,000 and he could borrow 90% of that—or \$5,400—on a 30-year mortgage. But his down payment would have to be not 10% of the total cost (\$700) but \$1,600.

Last year the Ontario Government moved in to help plug this gap. Under the plan worked out by Hon. Dana Porter, then Minister of Reconstruction, Ontario will guarantee a second mortgage to cover half of any down payment up to \$2,500. So, in the case cited above, the home owner would need to have only \$800 cash in order to get his house built. He could then retire his mortgage and pay interest and taxes with a monthly payment of about \$40.

So far that extra help is not available to any Canadians outside Ontario. But two or three other provinces have expressed interest in it; probably before this year is out it will be in wider use.

These are inducements to men who want to build their own homes. Other inducements are designed to encourage the speculative builder who puts up houses for sale.

For an "integrated project"—a little community of dwellings for sale to veterans at a controlled price—the builder gets a Government-guaranteed loan of 85% of his costs. He gets priorities for scarce material. Most important of all, the Government undertakes to buy at cost any house he may be unable to sell.

Fifteen thousand of these units have been built. A typical project is now going up in North York just outside Toronto—about 300 five-room bungalows priced at \$8,200 each. Down payment is \$2,080 with a National Housing Act loan and monthly payment of \$38.15. If the veteran gets a second mortgage from the Ontario Government his down payment is cut in half, his monthly payment goes up to \$44.07.

So far the integrated houses have sold like hot cakes. Veterans had gratuities and re-establishment credits to cover the down payments, and the monthly rates are far below current rents. But lately the sales have been slowing down.

The Builder Can't Lose

In those places what keeps the builder going is the Government's promise to buy back the unsold houses. There is little variation in the need for new housing across Canada. Except in a few places like Pictou, N.S., or Prince Rupert, B.C., where war industries have been shut down, dwellings are scarce in all Canadian cities. But there is great variation in the effective demand for new houses—the number of home owners who can afford them and whose credit is good. Right now it's believed in Ottawa that if the Government's repurchase guarantee were withdrawn, half the home building in the Prairie Provinces would stop.

Somewhat the same technique is being used to stimulate building for rental. Since last summer the Federal Government has been offering "rental insurance" to builders willing to put up new apartment blocks with three- and four-room units renting at \$84 a month or less. The Government guarantees a rental, effective for up to 30 years, which will cover debt service on 85% of the original cost, operating expenses,

and a two per cent return on the builder's own money.

In other words, building under either of these plans becomes an investment guaranteed against loss. The builder has a chance to do pretty well when times are good. When times are bad, he can't lose. The Canadian taxpayer will bear the loss.

In addition to these "inducement" programs, the Government is also doing some direct building of its own, for rental to veterans. Wartime Housing Ltd., now absorbed into Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, has built a grand total of 37,000 dwellings for war workers and veterans. Eight thousand of these were built last year and 11,000 more will be built in 1949.

This program, too, gets assistance from the Ontario Government. Wartime Housing has required municipalities to provide free land and services for the new low-rental homes the Federal Government builds. Ontario offers to pay half the cost of land and services for any municipality wanting to take advantage of the federal plan.

However, all these schemes of state aid are only a drop in the ocean of the current housing boom. Of the 81,000 homes built in 1948 only 8,000 were built directly by the Federal Govern-

ment for rental; 17,000 more had the help of National Housing Act loans. That means 60,000 homes—three quarters of the total—were built without Government aid. They were built because 60,000 people had the money to build or buy the houses they wanted.

If there are still plenty of these people left in 1950, when materials and labor will be easier to get, Canada could build at least 125,000 houses without difficulty. But in the construction trade there is doubt that well-heeled buyers will be as plentiful as they have been.

Builders and lenders both seem to agree that Government building for the low-income tenant will be necessary. Allan C. Ross, president of the Canadian Construction Association, told his annual meeting that "low-rental housing for the low-income group is only possible with some form of Government assistance." A resolution at the same meeting called for "adoption, as a social measure, of a modest, national, long-term, low-rental housing plan."

"We mean subsidized housing," a member explained. "We wiggle around to avoid using the word, but that's what we mean just the same."

Governments are much less enthusi-

astic about this—they know the headaches of the state landlord. Who would choose the lucky few to live in the nice new subsidized homes?

Other obstacles face private as well as public schemes for large-scale building, and the worst of these is the shortage of serviced land.

All the major cities of Canada except Montreal and Edmonton are wholly built up to their own municipal limits. Beyond the city limits are suburban towns with plenty of empty land, but no money to install new services—sewers, water, lighting, etc.

There are at least two ways out of this dilemma, and probably more. One is a reform of municipal finance. Somehow, by annexation or borough system, the great metropolitan areas will have to pool their tax resources to carry their common burden. Tax-rich Toronto would then help tax-poor North York, and so all the way from Greater Halifax to Greater Vancouver.

Filling the Schools

Another solution is to make room for more people within the big city, where schools and services are already available. City areas which were once residential are now filled up with small shops, rooming houses, etc. School classrooms in these areas go empty for the lack of pupils.

That sort of area could be expropriated, cleared, and made the site of a really big housing development—large apartment blocks that would triple or quadruple the child population, fill the schools, rehouse hundreds of people without requiring great capital outlays for new streets and sewers. But that's the kind of project that needs maximum co-operation. The municipality would have to expropriate the land, province and Dominion would have to put up a lot of the money, and private enterprise would have to undertake most of the work and some of the risk involved in clearing and rebuilding.

Most building experts agree that any kind of building for low- and medium-income tenants, whether it's done by the state or private enterprise or both, will have to be large-scale. That's the only way to keep costs down. Few seem to think that housing for the Canadian climate should be built in a factory, like automobiles. But there is considerable saving, usually about 15%, in the modified "on-site" prefabrication that goes with large-scale building.

The idea is to erect a small plant on the site where the homes are going up. Make 200 or 300 front doors, all the same size; 1,000 window frames; thousands of joists, beams, floor boards cut to specified lengths; hundreds of kitchen and bathroom panels.

To do this on a national scale we need a lot of changes in municipal building laws. Today houses acceptable in one town are forbidden in another, often for obsolete reasons. Kansas City has been using for 30 years a patented material for pipe, which it finds better than steel or iron. But all through the postwar shortage Canadian towns insisted on steel pipe.

None of these obstacles is insuperable, but none is trivial, and even if all the difficulties mentioned were solved we'd still have a housing problem.

Even at the high wages and full employment of 1949, only about half of Canadian wage earners can afford to pay \$40 a month for shelter, let alone some \$1,000 as down payment on the house. It will take more than NHA loans, or insured rentals of \$84 a month, to meet their needs. And that is a problem which has not yet been solved in Canada. □

CANADIAN ECDOTE



A Sailor and His Girl

WHEN the 24-year-old British naval officer met Miss Simpson at a garden party in Quebec he fell hard. His ship, the Albemarle, paying an official call to Canada, lay off Quebec for several weeks, and the local matrons whipped up a continuous round of dinners and parties.

Every day in the streets of Quebec the handsome young officer and the beautiful Miss Simpson were seen walking close together. At parties they were inseparable.

The day before the Albemarle was due to sail, the young man, torn between duty and his new love, gave in to his heart. That night he ordered a rating to row him ashore. He was going to marry his girl and become a

quiet, landlocked civilian.

A few minutes after he landed, Alexander Davison, a Quebec City contractor who had become his close friend, stopped him. Davison had figured that his friend might make the break.

Davison pleaded with the would-be deserter not to ruin his career, to consider the shame of running away from his duty. Would he want his girl to share that sort of life, Davison asked?

After a long argument, Davison won. The officer returned to his ship which sailed for the Atlantic early in the morning.

When did this happen? In the fall of 1782. Who was the young officer? Horatio Nelson, future hero of Trafalgar and the world's most famous admiral.

—Placide Labelle.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.



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WIT AND WISDOM

They'll Learn—The Newfoundlanders, who are shortly to become Canadians, are said to be a sensitive people. However, the changeover may in due time become complete. —*Port Arthur News-Chronicle.*

Deflation Note—A columnist claims that fewer millionaires are going into night clubs nowadays. Unless the prices have changed since the last time we were in one, we'll wager that even fewer millionaires are coming out of them. —*Kingston Whig-Standard.*

Next Yacht on the House—New Jersey liquor controllers won't permit tattooing to be done in taverns. This decision was made on humanitarian grounds. What would be the feeling of a bibulous gent who woke up to find that a battleship or a blonde had been indelibly stippled on his chest the night before? —*Toronto Star.*

In Duplicate for Twins?—Because of recent alleged "mixups," babies born at the Royal Hospital for Women in Sydney, Australia, will have their mother's name written on their chests in stain which will not wash off for about 10 days. Who is going to hold the babies while the writing is done? —*Brantford Expositor.*

Add Sunday Cigarettes in Toronto—In Gary, Ind., you can't get on a stretcher if you've eaten garlic within the last four hours. Undertakers in Shreveport, La., can't give away book matches. California State law says you need a hunting license to set a mousetrap, and Baltimore forbids cruelty to oysters. You can't board a Seattle bus carrying goldfish unless you're sure they'll lie still. Says a New Hampshire traffic regulation:

When two major vehicles meet at an intersection, each shall come to a full stop, and neither shall proceed until the other has gone. —*Northern Daily News, Kirkland Lake, Ont.*

Make Ours Squab—How are these "apartment turkeys" graded? Five-room apartment to 10-room apartment? And have apartment dwellers less of an appetite than the uncabined, ample house dwellers? Could be, as they don't mess around with those noted appetizers, the shovels, coal and snow. —*Toronto Star.*

Exception to the Rule—Because man is weaker physically than many dumb animals, he learned to control them by developing his wits. Woman is physically weaker than man. —*Kitchener Record.*

WILFIE

By Jay Work



"He's the darndest guy for breaking sticks . . ."

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I would like to register my enjoyment of the prize short story, "The Quarrel" (by Ernest Buckler, Jan. 15). A requirement of fiction is, of course, that it entertain the reader. Deeper satisfaction and value, however, come when the story illuminates vital factors in human life and happiness.—Harold J. Strong, Toronto.

● "The Quarrel" is the finest modern short-story classic I have had the luck to run across.—E. M. Knox, Greenwood, B.C.

● Congratulations! No sex, alcohol or nicotine!—Mabel E. Archibald, Saint John, N.B.

● I was terribly disappointed in your prize-winning story, "The Quarrel."



The judges and author should be put in the care of a psychoanalyst.—Mrs. F. N. Rowat, Saskatoon.

● Can assure you I enjoyed "The Quarrel," also drawings by Ashton Richardson... however, in my younger days, the driver always occupied the "off" or right-hand side, when driving... Will forgive Miss Richardson, as no doubt she was born in the Motor Age.—H. L. Powell, Stratford, Ont.

But Miss Richardson's mother, born in the buggy age, says she's driven in many a buggy with left-hand drive.—The Editors.

Not So Gentlemanly

Howard O'Hagan, speaking of grizzlies being gentlemen (Jan. 1), says, "nor have I heard or read of any unprovoked attacks." O'Hagan must have missed reading the newspapers (in Sept., 1939) when Nick Morant, many of whose photographs have appeared as Maclean's covers, got chewed up by a grizzly in Banff... There was no provocation.—Colin Haworth, Montreal.

● There are many instances of such attacks—even upon a man on a moving railroad speeder. Ask any active game warden or trapper and they will back me up in that a grizzly will attack without provocation as often as not!—Nicholas Morant.

Mary Riter Hamilton

In connection with the short article on the Canadian artist, Mrs. Mary Riter Hamilton (Cross Country, Dec. 15), I wish to make the following corrections... It is unfortunate that the impression should be given that the

pictures suffered during the time they were housed in the Museum of the Public Library. The curator, Mr. Menzies, has been a consistent admirer of Mrs. Hamilton's work... It is true that many were in poor condition, but this was due to their frequent moving... Another unfortunate statement is that many pictures were sold. Such is not the case. There are some 65 pictures in this collection but none was sold.—Douglas H. Telfer, D.D., Vancouver.

Red Menace

I am obliged to tell you how disgusted I am with recent copies of Maclean's... I refer to the articles, "This Is a Prostitute" (Oct. 1), "In This School the Kids Are Bom" (Dec. 1) and "The Bannery Gang" (Dec. 15)... I am wondering if you haven't a Communist on your staff trying to poison the minds of the public of this country.—J. S. Fredericton, N.B.

Farmers Have the Floor

I read with interest your recent editorial, "Sometimes Floor Prices Floor the Consumer" (Jan. 15), and am eagerly awaiting a companion piece entitled "High Wages, High Freight Rates, High Tariffs for the Protection of Uneconomic Eastern Industries with Resulting Astronomical Prices of Farm Machinery and Equipment Floor the Farmer."—C. Swann, Manning, Alta.

● Your attitude to agriculture has always been unfair but this article is just too-too much...—Verna Cornell, Byron, Ont.

● I would like very much to become the editor of or a reporter to Maclean's... After reading your editorial and the article by "The Man With a Notebook" regarding floor prices on flax and potatoes it is very clear that facts and knowledge of a subject are not necessary.—C. Ford Morrill, Carleton Place, Ont.

Slow Plane to England

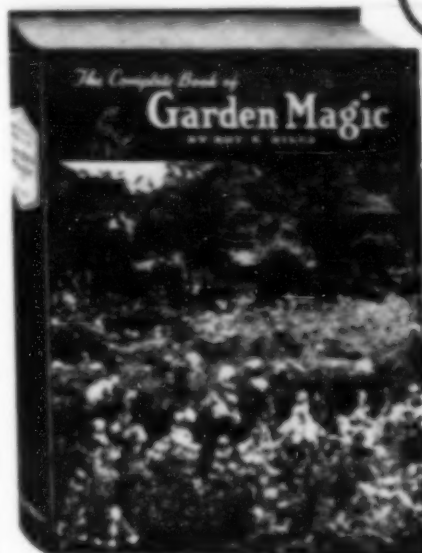
The following quotation from "She Walks the Atlantic" (Jan. 1) is wrong. I hope. "Since joining TCA in 1947 Helen estimates she has flown 385,700 miles and has 16,000 flying hours." This gives TCA's aircraft a rousing



speed of approximately 24 miles per hour. This doesn't sound like the age of speed to me. Guess the little gal only has 1,600 hours, what say?—H. Dale.

Guess she has.—The Editors.

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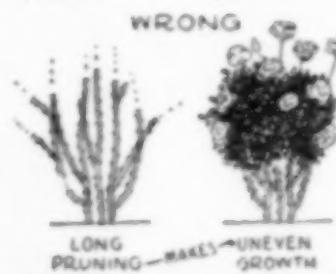
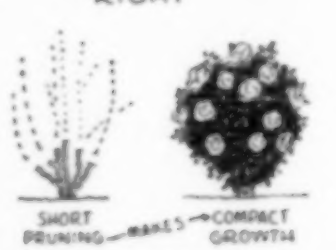
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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

A FELLOW in Edmonton went to see Laurence Olivier's fine film production of "Hamlet" and came away enthused not merely by the picture itself but also by the fact that Shakespeare was registering such a box-office smash with the movie-going masses. His elation was only somewhat dampened by a remark he overheard as he pushed out of the lobby to the sidewalk: "Well, I didn't think much of that Ophelia—why, the way she was acting you'd think she was crazy."

There aren't many professors resident in the vicinity of Woodville, Ont., in rural Victoria county, but the local title for being absent-minded has recently been awarded to a local



farmer by unanimous vote of his own family. He came in for noon dinner after a hard morning's work, tucked away a man-sized meal without waste of time and, leaving his family still nibbling, moved to a chair by the fireplace for a few moments' snooze. He had no sooner dozed off than a loud - crackling piece of kindling woke him again with a start. Blinking about him, he discovered his family all in their places and wearily dragged himself out of the comfortable chair and into his own place at the head of the table. The family thought he was back for a third helping until he bowed his head and began to say grace.

With thermometers registering 24 below in Saskatoon, a few weeks ago, the staff of the Star-Phoenix had just put to bed one issue of the paper filled with death, disaster and blizzard when a wire was received from the paper's correspondent at Nipawin reporting that a schoolteacher and her entire class had vanished in a cloud of driving snow. This created understandable excitement in the newsroom, but what really turned the news editor's face as green

as his eyeshade was the last line of the brief message: "RCMP are investigating but I'm too busy with the bonspiel to get a story on it."

We've just heard about a new and interesting musical aggregation about ready to go on tour throughout the western provinces and perhaps take a dip into the States. The group is a male quartet consisting of four young Mormon missionaries who first got together at Red Deer and have already won some little following at Alberta Mormon gatherings. When they first began to lay plans for the broader tour it occurred to them that they should adopt some suitable name by which the quartet could be billed in advance notices. Our Red Deer informant hasn't told us what title they finally settled on: he simply says the quartet's youngest member was firmly squelched by the other three for suggesting they call themselves "The Brigham Youngsters."

The sailor swaying along on the Montreal streetcar was young, probably a bit high and undoubtedly in love; in his arm was a huge bunch of spinach which, he repeatedly announced, was for his girl friend in Notre Dame de Grace. "In my youth," spoke up an old Father William sitting nearby, "when I called on my sweetheart, I always took her roses!"

The sailor showed no resentment at the chiding note of disapproval in

LUCKY ME—SHE LIVES
 GALT WITH HER
 SPINACH!



the older man's voice. He shook his head wistfully and declared, "There must have been the days. Now it's spinach—no one can eat roses."

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